

From the Spectator.

LORD DUNDONALD AND NATIONAL DEFENCE.

APPROPOS to the warlike uneasiness of the times, Lord Dundonald has reminded the public that he has a tremendous secret of destruction—some unknown power, which no present means of marine warfare could resist, while it would supersede cumbersome stationary defences. Lord Dundonald is not the only person who vaunts the possession of such terrible secrets: we remember Mr. Warner for one, and there may be more. The slighting disregard shown to these persons does not appear to us to be judicious. The matter ought to be set at rest in some way. It is to no purpose that others, dabbblers in chemistry and gunnery, make shrewd guesses that the secret agent to be used is "nothing but some known explosive." It may be no more, and yet the method of using it may be all in all. It is to no purpose either to adduce ill-advised conduct or letters on the part of inventors, like Mr. Warner's; for a man may be very ingenious in contrivances, though far more foolish in his personal behavior than Mr. Warner is said to have been. Newton was a kind of child; Galileo a self-important wrangler; Arkwright an eccentric. All persons with a nostrum, from the philosopher to the schoolmaster with "my own system," are apt to be troublesome people—self-important, fussy bores, vastly exacting of courteous attention, and equally distinguished for the bad taste of their obtrusiveness. We do not say that such is the case either with Lord Dundonald or Mr. Warner; but even if it were, it would not settle their pretensions.

Nor is it wise to hesitate in the repugnance to resort to sweepingly destructive agents. If they have been discovered, they will one day be known generally. The secret will leak out. Hundreds are seeking for it as eagerly as for the philosopher's stone, and what Lord Dundonald or Mr. Warner has discovered may be found out by some one else. If there is anything in it but a shadow, let us know it. It is not well that the custody of such a secret, with the power to give foreign enemies the first start, should rest entirely on the patriotic virtue and self-denial of individuals. If there is that fearful mine to be sprung, let us know its whereabouts, even if it be only to dig it up. Let us not first learn it in a war as used against ourselves, and repent too late the official apathy that could not warm its fancy to the startling effects. Be it remembered too, that both these inventors are practical men. Lord Dundonald is perhaps the man, in such a matter, of the greatest experience living in the world: Lord Cochrane was one of the most daring naval captains ever known even in the British navy—a man who treated cannon-balls as playthings; and he tells us that they may be made so. Let us know whether he is right or wrong.

A wide discretion may be allowed the executive ministers, to accept or refuse, to keep secret or divulge; but there has been something very unsatisfactory in the apparent treatment of these two projectors—of Mr. Warner especially, about whose case the public know most. His proposition

seemed to be made on the "No cure no pay" plan: if his scheme was so visionary as some said, he might, with proper precautions against trickery, have been suffered to scheme away to his heart's content, at any great ship in the service, much more a hulk. If he could really destroy a hulk at three miles' distance, it was surely worth the value of that hulk to ascertain the simple fact of the existence of such an agent. And if he did not fully make out his case, if we remember rightly, he was to be paid nothing; the arbitrement resting with a few individuals named, of unquestionable honor—Sir Robert Peel among them. That looked like a safe bargain. If it be objected that Mr. Warner made mercenary conditions too prominent, begin with the rival projector: let us see what Lord Dundonald's plan is: perhaps Mr. Warner's is the same, and of course he could not claim payment for a thing already in the possession of government.

Be these details, however, as they may, there is one secret at least that the public have a right to know—the *principle* on which government have acted in their rebuff of those gentlemen. Lord Dundonald, for instance, says that he has a plan which will supersede millions' worth of fortifications, and will destroy invading fleets: government say, by their acts, that they will not meddle with it. That looks strange: it may be very right; but to have even the most general notion of its propriety, we ought to know the *principle* that has dictated the refusal.

In the columns of the *Times*, Lord Dundonald has published some "brief observations" on the preparations for the maritime defence of the country. He hints at some destructive agent which he possesses, and which, to judge by his comparison, would be as novel as gunpowder on its first introduction.

"I am desirous of showing that the use of steam-ships of war, though at present available by rival nations, need not necessarily diminish the security of our commerce; that still less need it necessarily endanger our national existence—which appears to be apprehended by those who allege the necessity of devoting millions of money to the defence of our coasts.

"I contend that there is nothing in the expected new system of naval warfare, through the employment of steam-vessels, that can justify such expensive and derogatory precautions, because there are equally new (and yet secret) means of conquest, which no devices hitherto used in maritime warfare could resist or evade. * * * Factitious ports on the margin of the Channel cannot be better protected than those which exist; respecting which I pledge any professional credit I may possess, that whatever hostile force might therein be assembled could be destroyed within the first twenty-four hours favorable for effective operations, in defiance of forts and batteries, mounted with the most powerful ordnance now in use. * * * It is, therefore, greatly to be desired that those in power should pause before proceeding further in such a course. It behoves them to consider in all its bearings, and in all its consequences, the contemplated system of stationary maritime defence; sub-

ject, as that system may become, to the overwhelming influence of the secret plan which I placed in their hands, similar to that which I presented in 1812 to his royal highness the Prince Regent. who (as stated last year in my memorial to the house of lords) referred its consideration confidentially to Lord Keith, Lord Exmouth, and the two Congreves, professional and scientific men; by whom it was pronounced to be infallible, under the circumstances detailed in my explanatory statement. Thirty-three years is a long time to retain an important secret; especially as I could have used it with effect in defence of my character when cruelly assailed, (as I have shown at length in a representation to the government,) and could have practically employed it on various occasions to my private advantage. I have now, however, determined to solicit its well-merited consideration, in the hope, privately, if possible, to prove the comparative inexpediency of an expenditure of some 12,000,000*l.* or 20,000,000*l.* sterling for the construction of forts and harbors, instead of applying ample funds at once to remodel and renovate the navy—professionally known to be susceptible of immense improvement—including the removal from its swollen bulk of much that is cumbrous and prejudicial." In conclusion, Lord Dundonald intimates that he may think it expedient, if he can obtain attention in no other way, to divulge his secret.

From the *Athenæum*.

Explanations: a Sequel to "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation." Churchill.*

WE believe we were the first to point out the inaccuracies of the facts and the insufficiency of the reasonings, brought forward in "The Vestiges of Creation." Our general remarks were followed up by elaborate criticisms in the quarterlies, which left little room to doubt that the author of the work in question had been treading on ground which his previous pursuits and knowledge did not justify. He had ambitiously walked over the field of modern natural science, and endeavored to connect its details into one grand whole. It was natural that each man of science should look to his own department, and inquire if the author of such a scheme understood the particular class of phenomena with which he was conversant. On this being done, each found that the author of the "Vestiges" had misstated or misunderstood the facts involved in his particular branch of science. The astronomer, geologist, zoologist, botanist, chemist, and political economist, have all complained that the facts of their science have been misrepresented, for the purpose of suiting the author's theory of creation. After such a general exposure of the work, we were hardly prepared for an answer from the author. He has, however, ventured on the task of reviewing his reviewers, and the present volume is the result. The author has certainly, in many instances, discovered the weak points of his critics; but his work still stands in the same position that it ever did. His theory of progressive development, as applied to the universe, is still an assumption; and, although a variety of facts may be culled from various departments of science that are not opposed to such a theory, this is a widely different thing from the author's supposition that they are proofs of its truth. He has, however, re-stated

the object of his work, and we give him the benefit of a second hearing:—

"I must start with a more explicit statement of the general argument of the *Vestiges*, for this has been extensively misunderstood. The book is not primarily designed, as many have intimated in their criticisms, and as the title might be thought partly to imply, to establish a new theory respecting the origin of animated nature; nor are the chief arguments directed to that point. The object is one to which the idea of an organic creation in the manner of natural law is only subordinate and ministrative, as likewise are the nebular hypothesis and the doctrine of a fixed natural order in mind and morals. This purpose is to show that the whole revelation of the works of God presented to our senses and reason is a system based in what we are compelled, for want of a better term, to call LAW; by which, however, is not meant a system independent or exclusive of Deity, but one which only proposes a *certain mode of his working*. The nature and bearing of this doctrine will be afterwards adverted to; let me, meanwhile, observe, that it has long been pointed to by science, though hardly anywhere broadly and fully contemplated. And this was scarcely to be wondered at, since, while the whole physical arrangements of the universe were placed under law by the discoveries of Kepler and Newton, there was still such a mysterious conception of the origin of organic nature, and of the character of our own fitful being, that men were almost forced to make at least large exceptions from any proposed plan of universal order. What makes the case now somewhat different is, that of late years we have attained much additional knowledge of nature, pointing in the same direction as the physical arrangements of the world. The time seems to have come when it is proper to enter into a reëxamination of the whole subject, in order to ascertain whether, in what we actually know, there is most evidence in favor of an entire or a partial system of fixed order. When led to make this inquiry for myself, I soon became convinced that the idea of any exception to the plan of law stood upon a narrow, and constantly narrowing foundation, depending, indeed, on a few difficulties or obscurities, rather than objections, which were certain soon to be swept away by the advancing tide of knowledge. It appeared, at the same time, that there was a want in the state of philosophy amongst us, of an impulse in the direction of the consideration of this theory, so as to bring its difficulties the sooner to a bearing in the one way or the other; and hence it was that I presumed to enter the field."

Now nobody that we are aware of ever denied that organic beings are under the influence of law any more than other departments of nature. What is really the case is this—that no expression of facts that we have at present arrived at is capable of comprehending the relation between cause and effect, in the creation of the various distinct forms of animal and vegetable life. Whether the Creator, from time to time, forms distinct species of plants and animals, or causes one to proceed from the other, according to the author of the "Vestiges," we believe that such a fact is capable of being expressed in words and thus forming a law. We believe that it is only in accordance with the modesty of true science not to dogmatize on either theory at the present moment. The "Explanations" of the "Vestiges" prove that with regard to the facts of geology alone, we are not in a posi-

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tion to give a positive character to any theory of their origin and relation. The greatest point which the author, in this work, discusses with his reviewers is, the succession of animals in the geological series. This, however, is a mere matter of fact, and though we were to find that there had been a gradual appearance of more complicated animals upon the surface of the earth, from the monad up to man, yet we need not say how little way this goes to prove the position that man is nothing more than a complicated monad. The author still adheres to the truth of the experiments of Messrs. Crosse and Weekes in the creation of acari by galvanism, although the evidence for the inference that they are thus formed has again and again been shown to be wholly unsatisfactory. One of the novel features of the present volume are, two communications from Mr. Weekes on the subject of the creation of acari and fungi by galvanism. We need not go into details; it will be sufficient to observe that there is no proof in Mr. Weekes' experiments that he has adopted anything like the precaution necessary to prevent other causes than galvanism originating the animals and plants he has observed.

There is one ground on which the author has the advantage of some of his reviewers, and that is where he throws back the taunt of his views not being in accordance with certain facts admitted as true on other grounds:—

"It has appeared to various critics, particularly to the writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, that very sacred principles are threatened by a doctrine of universal law. A natural origin of life, and a natural basis in organization for the operations of the human mind, speak to them of fatalism and materialism. And, strange to say, those, who every day give views of *physical cosmogony* altogether discrepant in appearance with that of Moses, apply hard names to my book for suggesting an *organic cosmogony* in the same way liable to inconsiderate odium. I must firmly protest against this mode of meeting speculations regarding nature. The object of my book, whatever may be said of the manner in which it is treated, is purely scientific. The views which I give of this history of organization, stand exactly on the same ground upon which the geological doctrines stood fifty years ago. I am merely endeavoring to read aright another chapter of the mystic book which God has placed under the attention of his creatures. A little liberality of judgment would enable even an opponent of my particular hypothesis, to see that questions as to reverence and irreverence, piety and impiety, are practically determined very much by special impressions upon particular minds."

The author of the "Vestiges" is, we think, wrong scientifically, and it is on this ground alone that his book ought to be condemned. He feels, too, that it is to men of science that he has made his appeal, and they have one and all pronounced his work a failure as far as its scientific object is concerned. He has felt this, and endeavors to make for himself a court of appeal beyond the world of Science. Speaking of the position of his work in relation to the class of men of science he says—

"As the case really stands, the ability of this class to give, at the present time, a true response upon such a subject, appears extremely challengeable. It is no discredit to them, that they are, almost without exception engaged, each in his own little department of science, and able to give little

or no attention to other parts of that vast field. From year to year, and from age to age, we see them at work, adding no doubt much to the known, and advancing many important interests, but, at the same time, doing little for the establishment of comprehensive views of nature. Experiments in however narrow a walk, facts of whatever minuteness, make reputations in scientific societies; all beyond is regarded with suspicion and distrust. The consequence is, that philosophy, as it exists amongst us, does nothing to raise its votaries above the common ideas of their time. There can, therefore, be nothing more conclusive against our hypothesis in the disfavor of the scientific class, than in that of any other section of educated men. There is even less; for the position of scientific men with regard to the rest of the public is such, that they are rather eager to repudiate, than to embrace general views, seeing how unpopular these usually are. The reader may here be reminded, that there is such a thing in human nature as coming to venerate the prejudices which we are compelled to treat tenderly, because it is felt to be better to be consistent at the sacrifice of even judgment and conscience than to have a war always going on between the cherished and the avowed. Accordingly, in the case of a particular doctrine, which, however unjustly, is regarded as having an obnoxious tendency, it is not surprising that scientific men view it with not less hostility than the common herd. For the very purpose of maintaining their own respect in the concessions they have to make, they naturally wish to find all possible objections to any such theory as that of progressive development, exaggerating every difficulty in its way, rejecting, wherever they can, the evidence in its favor, and extenuating what they cannot reject; in short, taking all the well recognized means which have been so often employed in keeping back advancing truths."

We would, however, remind the author that it is from this scientific class alone that all great discoveries have emanated, and we know of no great generalization that has ever been made by a man unacquainted with the details on which it rests. That the author is not intimately acquainted with any department of science we have his own statement, and his work abundantly proves it. He may, however, console himself that he has thrown together may of the facts of science in an interesting manner, and produced a book which may in some manner serve as an outline to the vast range of the natural sciences.

[Of this work, the New York Churchman says:]

It is well known what an impression was created by the original work, and by what powerful opponents it has been met. Both at home and abroad, it has been reviewed in the most influential periodicals with an earnestness of purpose and array of scientific forces to which we know of no parallel, of late years at least, in the annals of philosophical controversy. Those who thought, however, that the question had been settled by these formidable replies will find it, in some of its aspects, reopened by these "Explanations." Particularly does the author reply to the North British and Edinburgh Reviews and to Prof. Whewell; and those who have prematurely settled the controversy in their minds on the warrant of these high authorities will in common fairness be bound to consider the present rejoinder. Without at all entering into the controversy, which indeed requires

a life-long devotion to physical science, we would merely say that many of the new arguments here given *demand*, as they will doubtless receive, fresh consideration. For our own part we hope yet to see the entire theory fully and fundamentally investigated on the principles of something else than Baconian philosophy.

From the Spectator.

AFTER the silence of a twelvemonth, amid almost incessant attacks, and a demand for five editions of a book on a topic abstruse and unattractive, the author of *The Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation* takes up his pen to answer some of his various assailants. The purpose of the *Explanations* is twofold,—1. To defend the scientific views from the objections that have been raised against them by his more distinguished opponents, especially the *Edinburgh Review*; 2. To explain or modify the conclusions to which it has been affirmed the system expounded in the *Vestiges of Creation* must of necessity lead. As regards the first head, our author, disclaiming all original knowledge of science, aims at establishing the soundness of his scientific representations, or his hypotheses, by bringing forward great names to impugn the assertions of his opponents: Professor Nichol, for example, on the nebular hypothesis, Professor Lyell on some disputed facts in geology; the present Sir John Herschel, Dr. Pye Smith, and even Doddridge, in favor of a view of creation by a *law*, instead of by a continual *interference* of the Deity. Upon the second topic he expressly repudiates the atheism and materialism to which it has been said his work must lead. The purpose of the *Vestiges* was "to show, that the whole revelation of the works of God presented to our senses and reason, is a system based in what we are compelled, for want of a better term, to call *LAW*; by which, however, is not meant a system independent or exclusive of Deity, but which only proposes a *certain mode of his working*." Against the charge of materialism we do not see that any very valid defence is made: at least, the comprehensive eloquence of the peroration contains something like materialism as usually understood.

Explanation and defence are invariably dry, unless enlivened by personal scandal about "distinguished persons." This dryness must more especially be the case where the subjects are abstruse, and the scientific facts on which the alleged conclusions are founded refer to matters where philosophers are at issue or speak doubtfully, or when the arguments leading to those conclusions are recondite and hypothetical. This difficulty, however, is overcome by the author of the *Vestiges*, in the first place by skilful arrangement, and his clearness yet closeness of style. In the second place, he throws a sort of mystery round himself—a sort of "*nominis umbra*;" yet without affectation, and simply as a reason for his silence hitherto, "seeing that public favor and disfavor were alike beyond the regard of an author who bore no bodily shape in the eyes of his fellow countrymen, and was likely to remain forever unknown." Then he animates his composition by attack whenever it is possible. By rejecting much of the matter he had collected, or by reserving authorities that would support particular views, he has unintentionally dug traps for some of his antagonists, into which they have fallen. Thus the Edinburgh reviewer describes Sir John Her-

schel as a "model of philosophic caution:" it turns out that an illustration ridiculed was Sir John's. The author is able enough, of course, in exposing these disingenunities which have been so continually charged upon the two great party organs as to seem more distinctive of "quarterlies" than any other class of periodicals. He is, however, most amusing when "taking off" the self-important swagger of the Edinburgh Reviewer. Thus, the Reviewer asserted a geological fact, that which Professor Lyell's travels in America seem to have rendered more than doubtful; and the great geologist utters a voice of warning against hasty conclusions from limited views. On this the author of the *Vestiges* remarks—

"It is exactly to such theorizers as the Edinburgh Reviewer that this rebuke is applicable. When he asserts the contemporaneousness of the highest mollusks with the origin of organic life, he says—'We are describing phenomena that we have seen. We have spent years of active life among these ancient strata—looking for (and we might say longing for) some arrangement of the ancient fossils which might fall in with our preconceived notions of a natural ascending scale. But we looked in vain; and we were weak enough to bow to Nature.' The weakness consisted in looking only in one little portion of the earth, and believing it to be a criterion for all the rest. This writer seems yet to have to learn that knowledge is to be acquired by communication as well as examination. Were a philosopher (supposing there could be such a being) to limit his view of mankind to juvenile schools, he might with equal rationality deny that there is any such thing in the world as infants in arms. 'We speak of what we have seen,' he might say; 'and, finding no specimens of humanity under three feet high, we are weak enough to bow to Nature and believe that babes are a mere fancy.'"

From the very nature of the case, much of the book must be essentially controversy; but wherever the author can rise above it, he does, to unfold more general views, in the lofty yet disciplined eloquence which, after all, is the thing that has mainly contributed to the popularity of the *Vestiges*. Such are his closing passages, descriptive of the dignity of man as a grand link in the scale of creation, even though "there should not only be a term of life to the individual but to the species, and that when the proper time comes man should be transferred to the list of the extinct forms." Such, too, is the condensed picture of the miseries of mankind; owing, as the author says, to the mistaken practices of our present condition, and our ignorance of the "Divine working," mostly chargeable upon the necessarily partial views of so-called philosophers, even of the best. Several passages explanatory of his theory of the Deity, in opposition to that of others, are of the same lofty kind; and the following clear but piquant summary of mathematical conclusions and geological facts is of the same character. He is arguing against Whewell; who admits that Nature, as revealed to our senses, is a system of *causation*, but "halts when he comes to consider the origin of language and of arts, the origin of species, and the formation of globes."

"Now let us call to mind a few of the laws ascertained to have been concerned in the cosmical arrangements, leaving for the meantime all that is doubtful in the nebular hypothesis entirely out of view. The proportion of the equatorial to the

polar diameter of the earth is exactly what a fluid mass rotating at such a rate of speed would assume any day we might try the experiment. The relative distances of the planets have been determined by the relation of two laws of matter, so thoroughly patent in their working to modern observation, that a mathematician could ascertain this their result and announce it from his closet, although he never had heard of a planetary system in which it was exemplified. There is, surely, here anything but a likelihood that different causes from those now existing and acting were the immediate means of producing the cosmical arrangements. May we not rather say, that, whatever may have been the details of the formation of globes, we possess ample proof that it was a phenomenon evolved by virtue of exactly the same system of order which we see still operating upon earth? As to the origin of organic beings, our knowledge of geology comes to precisely a similar effect. Admitting that we see not now any such fact as the production of new species, we at least know that, while such facts were occurring upon earth, there were associated phenomena in progress, of a character perfectly ordinary. For example, when the earth received its first fishes, sandstone and limestone were forming in the manner exemplified a few years ago in the ingenious experiments of Sir James Hall; basaltic columns rose for the future wonder of man, according to the principle which Dr. Gregory Watt showed in operation before the eyes of our fathers; and hollows in the igneous rocks were filled with crystals, precisely as they could now be by virtue of electric action, as shown within the last few years by Crosse and Becquerel. The seas obeyed the impulse of gentle breezes and rippled their sandy bottoms as seas of the present day are doing; the trees grew as now by favor of sun and wind, thriving in good seasons and pining in bad. This while the animals above fishes were yet to be created. The movements of the sea, the meteorological agencies, the disposition which we see in the generality of plants to thrive when heat and moisture are most abundant, were kept up in silent serenity, as matters of simply natural order, throughout the whole of the ages which saw reptiles enter in their various forms upon the sea and land. It was about the time of the first mammals that the forest of the Dirt Bed was sinking in natural ruin amidst the sea sludge, as forests of the Plantagenets have been doing for several centuries upon the coast of England. In short, *all the common operations of the physical world were going on in their usual simplicity, obeying that order which we still see governing them*, while the supposed extraordinary causes were in requisition for the development of the animal and vegetable kingdoms. There surely hence arises a strong presumption against any such causes. It becomes much more likely that the latter phenomena were evolved in the manner of law also; and that we only dream of extraordinary causes here, as men once dreamt of a special action of Deity in every change of wind and the results of each season, merely because they did not know the laws by which the events in question were evolved."

THE RAILWAY REVOLUTION.

AMIDST the general excitement produced abroad by the rapid multiplication of railways, it is interesting to observe the speculations indulged in concerning their probable effects. A leading Eng-

lish journal quotes a notable saying of the late Dr. Arnold, which is worth remembering. When he beheld the first railway train in movement, his enthusiastic exclamation was—"There goes the death-blow to feudality." His acute, if not always correct mind, saw that amid the revolutions now progressively altering the face, and subverting the old bonds of society, the railways were likely to be among the first, and that they would not only annihilate space, but level distinctions, and be a thorn of deadly irritability in the sides of continental despotism. The writer says:—

"As in annihilating space and levelling distinctions, so is the railway the first great and successful rebel against continental despotism. Europe will soon be traversed without the permission of those who rule its destinies. Railroads and passports are two antagonistic principles that can never long exist together. The advantages of the railroad are all rendered null and void where an hour's rapid travelling is marred by a three hours' detention for a '*passe provisoire*.' Belgium has well understood this, and Leopold has thrown open his pocket kingdom to the world by abolishing the use of passports. The solemn Lothario of the Laeken '*parc du cerf*' has, in this one act of wisdom, compensated for a multitude of errors. The example he has set his royal brethren must perforce follow. Freedom of landing will soon be as common an act at Cronstadt as it is at Ostend. We do not despair of being able to traverse all '*despot-dom*,' (if we may coin a word to express a dozen localities,) with as little fear of our business being asked, by impertinent authority, as we have now in crossing the metropolis from the West-end to Whitechapel. By the aid of steam and the narrow gauge, Mr. Waghorn is bringing Bombay as near to England as Naples was in our boyhood; Naples will soon be as close a neighbor as Paris was wont to be; and Paris, ere it be a few months older, will be the fair object of a summer morning's drive!—*Protestant Churchman*.

"EXPEDIENCY PEEL."

AIR—"Allan-a-dale."

EXPEDIENCY Peel has no system to stand on,
Expediency Peel has no fame to abandon,
Expediency Peel has no plan for revealing,
But Peel has got other men's plans for the stealing.

Expediency Peel ne'er was entered a Leaguer,
Though his mercy to farmers is little less meagre,
Expediency Peel ne'er was made a Repealer,
Though in sops for sedition as constant a dealer.

Expediency Peel to the Parliament's come,
About all his plans he's mysterious and dumb.
They ask him, at length, the whole claim to reveal—
By which leadership 's held by Expediency Peel.

"Though the party of Richmond is deep in your love,

My party," said Peel, "is such faction above.
'Tis the whole face of earth, from Peru to Castile,
All lands but our own," said Expediency Peel.

The Quaker and Cobden may swagger and boast,
While they gaze from the stage on a riotous host.
But their clap-trap, the moment its need I shall feel,
Is less free to Friend Bright than Expediency Peel.

Miles and Tyrrell were ice, and O'Brien was stone,
They muttered of Richmond, and bade him begone.
And as like chooseth like, so in this, his last wheel,
To the whigs and the dirt went Expediency Peel.

Britannia.

From the Spectator.

RUBIO'S RAMBLES IN THE UNITED STATES
AND CANADA.

RUBIO is evidently a *nom de guerre*; its assumer is a middle-aged person, who has seen a good deal of the world, having visited all our colonies and made the old grand tour at least. His status does not appear; but he has the straightforward bluntness mingled with a sort of courtesy that characterizes the old soldier; or he may be one of those shrewd, hard-headed men, who knock about the world all their lives, capable of business, sometimes doing it, but who either from philosophy or content, or love of laziness, independence, or free observation, never acquire a position or make a fortune, though apparently possessing the requisites for both successes. About Rubio's nation there is no doubt whatever; he is English to the back-bone. The Scotch he dislikes; the Irish he despises almost too much to mention them, except when they thrust themselves upon him; his "rambles in the United States" have impressed him with the most wretched opinion of that country and its inhabitants. The climate is execrable, the worst without exception in the temperate zones; varying upwards of one hundred degrees, and that not merely in the course of a year, but in many places within a month in spring. The mortality at New York and other places is thrice what it ought to be; in many spots of the south death can only be escaped at certain seasons by escaping from the place; and there are few old people to be seen, at least Rubio saw very few. The raw material of common victuals is good, but the cookery most execrable; and in "what may be called the cruel department of an American dinner-table, an Englishman feels greatly disappointed; the mustard, pepper, vinegar, &c., form the most detestable collection of nastiness ever put upon a tablecloth, and perfectly impossible for an Englishman to touch." The only American production of which he records undisguised approbation was some pale ale at Buffalo, the best he ever drank. Of the river steamers he speaks well—they are better than the English; but our waters do not admit of such boats being used. Of the people this writer's judgment is as bad as can be; and after noting various unfavorable traits as he encountered them, he thus sums up:

"The Americans are truly a vulgar, ignorant, bragging, spitting, melancholy, sickly people. Passing their lives in a high state of mental excitement, some kill themselves with drink, and some with tobacco; some are hurried to the yawning gates of their cemeteries by excesses in religion or excesses in politics, excesses in commerce or excesses in speculations, or tribulations of mind induced by a combination of these causes. But calamity is not of very long life in America; for the men are soon dead, and soon forgotten. Duels and assassinations also help to thin their ranks; for, strange as it may appear, it can be proved, that famous as Italy, Sicily, and Spain are for the stiletto, there are many more assassinations and stabbings in the slave states of America than in all those countries put together. This is a melancholy truth; but, as the minds of the masters in the Southern States insensibly become degraded by the mere contact, not to say association, with beings so degraded as their slaves, the moral sense becomes blunted, they care little for assassination or for murder, and nothing for stabbing and maiming."

Their "bragging" no Englishman can escape, he is "known instantly by his healthy looks, and is therefore immediately fastened upon to convince him of the greatness of the Union, the everlasting power and importance of the greatest people the sun ever shone upon." Rubio did not find their questioning so disagreeable as it has been represented, (perhaps he was able to take it out in kind;) and he bears testimony to the truth of their boast that better English is spoken in the States than in England—by which he seems to mean a more uniform pronunciation. His remarks also contain proofs of the personal friendliness and good-nature of the Americans; but he seems too prejudiced to mark this conclusion himself.

Measured by the size of the states, the rambles of Rubio were not extensive. He landed at New York in the spring of this year, by some vessel from the tropics; ascended the Hudson; passed on to the lakes; paid a short visit to Canada, which country he strongly recommends; and then ran through the western settlements, principally by steaming on the Ohio and Mississippi; St. Louis forming his extreme point. Narrative is less the characteristic of this volume than observation. The writer cares less about telling where he went than what he saw, and his opinions thereupon. This makes the book short compared with other travels of the same extent, and renders it readable, because the whole is vigorous and racy. The subjects selected for remark are the reverse of sentimental, and smack of that attention to creature comforts or worldly wellbeing which characterizes the travelling gentleman turned of fifty. The worse points of the American are pounced upon for censure, and what is estimable left out of sight; but the judgments are shrewdly formed, forcibly expressed, and thrown off spontaneously without reference to bookmaking. Hence the volume, although dogmatic and oracular, is amusing. There comes a time in life when the mind grows more critical upon all things on which it exercises itself, and though its powers of pleasantries may be greater those of adaptability are less. Hence, new modes and new manners are always offensive to the elderly, because they judge them by a different standard; they bring to the examination a more sharpened acumen; and those things being ever present in a visible form, overshadow the existence of higher qualities, (if any such there be,) that can only be displayed on great occasions, or seen as it were in the essence. Such, we take it, is the case with the author of *Rambles in the United States*. He saw the coarseness of the Americans, their want of manners, their want of finish in everything from literature down to cookery, and all the worst and most obvious evils of democracy, at a time of life when such things would be most sharply judged and most clearly perceived; whilst their good qualities were overlooked, unless they came in such a tangible shape as a good steamboat or a cheap fare. The censure, too, is nothing softened by the form in which it is couched. As blunt and perhaps as coarse as Cobbett, there is no mincing of words in the mouth of Rubio; and he pours out his opinion of men and things with a straightforwardness which if it exaggerates the truth, gives vigor to the style, though it renders his statements, or at least the conclusions they contain, not very reliable.

The first thing, of course, to be done at New York was to land; and the author found the celebrated Battery Point as bad as our Blackfriars

Puddle Dock for filth and nastiness. His next step was to look for lodgings; which he could not find, though he found some of the dirtiest streets he had ever seen in his life. He was therefore driven to a boarding-house; of whose cookery he gives a deplorable account.

NEW YORK BREAKFASTS.

"I went to several boarding-houses before finally making a selection. In answer to inquiries for the terms, they were generally reasonable enough; the highest two dollars a day, about 8s. 6d. sterling; and the lowest one dollar. At these last I inquired their hours. Breakfast at six o'clock and half-past; hot beef-steaks, mush and milk, hommaney, rice and molasses, mackerel, salmon, shad, hot cakes, and rolls of every description; tea and coffee. Dinner at twelve o'clock, and supper at six. The bill of fare, on reading, looks abundant enough; but really, on inspection, this well-covered table offers to an Englishman very little that is even eatable, much less palatable. Though every one must admire the early hours and temperance of the Americans, yet only imagine a Londoner, and an old hand not used to anything much worse than the shady side of Pall Mall, by six o'clock at the noise of a great bell—washed and shaved, mind, by six o'clock—to look at an immense rump steak at the head of the table swimming in fat, not half cooked; then lower down a dish of enormous salt mackerel, one of which would make two of our English mackerel; then some Halifax salmon just as taken from the barrel, and as salt as brine; then two or three smaller dishes, some with mush, a food for pigs, and others with hommaney, only differing from mush in that this last is white maize ground and boiled in water, whilst mush is yellow corn ground and boiled. As this sort of food is not known in England, thank God, except in the penitentiaries, I have been rather particular in describing it. No caution is required to my countryman to avoid it, because the very sight of it will be enough to make him sick. The remainder of the table was filled up with some warmed-up tough old hen, called chicken fixings, all washed down with the most execrable coffee in the whole world. I used to think that England might defy all creation for bad coffee; but the Americans beat us hollow.

"We were some thirty or forty at breakfast. The men ate like wolves; and, cheap as it was, I reckoned it cost them a shilling per minute. Little children, who also assembled at these tables, were permitted by their foolish mothers to be guzzling raw rump-steaks swimming in fat at six o'clock in the morning!"

AMERICAN MARKETS.

"Let us take a walk through the boasted markets of New York; which amount in number to fifteen, conveniently distributed throughout the city. A public market is a sort of epitome of a country, and may very safely be taken as a criterion of its productions. It is true that, at some seasons of the year, they are much better furnished than they are at others; but, having always made the markets in all countries a favorite lounge, I may say that I have visited them at all seasons. The Fulton and Washington are two of the best supplied and largest; but, beyond the show of beef and potatoes, there was a plentiful lack of everything. In the fish way there was little

worth having but halibut and bass, (salmon very scarce and dear,) and a very abundant and coarse kind of cockle called clams. But the lobsters and oysters are magnificent, plentiful, and cheap. The vegetable-market is almost a blank, with the exception of potatoes and peas; but if I were to make out a list of what they have not got, it would be as long as my arm. The lowest neighborhoods in London, to say nothing of her overwhelming markets, but such localities as Whitecross Street, Tottenham Court Road, the New Cut, and Spitalfields, exhibit things for sale in the vegetable way that would astonish a New Yorker. With the exception of peaches and apples, which are deservedly celebrated, the American fruit is very scarce and very bad."

CHEAPNESS OF TRAVELLING.

"Travelling in America is just as cheap as stopping at home. As the people are all, more or less, anti-renters, they live in boarding-houses; and as soon as they leave the expense ceases, and they begin boarding in a steamboat instead of on shore.

"For instance, the steamers at Buffalo, the best of them, go twice a day to Chicago, 1,050 miles up the lakes, for 17. 12s.; and three meals a day, good substantial meals, and an excellent roomy cabin to yourself to sleep in, besides a splendid saloon and promenade. This is less than one halfpenny per mile, board and lodging included. And as the voyage occupies five days, the total expense is about 6s. 6d. per day in a steamer, more like a ship of the line than our steamers. The railroad fare is one penny a mile, first class."

WATER COMMUNICATION BY THE MISSISSIPPI AND THE LAKES.

"Rapid as the rise of Buffalo has been, it is nothing to the great town at the other extremity of the lake, called Chicago; which in a few years, and before the people in Europe had ever heard of it, contains 30,000 people, and bids fair to be one of the most important cities of the Union. It is situated in the state of Illinois, at the bottom of Lake Michigan, and commands a very short and easy water-communication to the river Mississippi, by means of the Illinois and Michigan Canal, exactly a hundred miles long, and now in course of finishing. For, notwithstanding the bankruptcy of the State of Illinois, the London capitalists have recently advanced the requisite funds to complete the canal; which, if any canal in the world could be expected to pay, it is this. The steamers from New Orleans to the south, and from Buffalo to the north and east, meet, all but this hundred miles; so that it would have been almost an act of suicide, having gone so far with their loans, not to go a little further and endeavor to make this one work at least productive, which it is sure to be as soon as finished. So that, by the summer of next year, a person may leave New Orleans for St. Louis on the Mississippi, by steam 1,800 miles—then join a smaller steamer for Peru, at the head of the Illinois river 300 miles more—then by a packet-boat through the canal, 100 miles, to Chicago—when he goes all the way to New York by steam, 2,600 miles further; making the entire distance about 4,800 miles of uninterrupted water-travelling through the interior of a continent, a greater distance than exists even in India or China."

With the Duke of Wellington at the head of the

army and in the cabinet, we presume the American lakes have not escaped notice, and that a plan has been matured for rendering the British power superior on these waters, so as not to fail, as during the last war, from insufficiency of means. The whole of these lakes are important, but Lake Erie is perhaps the vulnerable point of the west. Blockading the mouths of the Mississippi, the Hudson, the Delaware, and the Chesapeake, would check the foreign commerce of the states, but would interfere little with their internal trade, as the cotton, &c. of the south could bear land-carriage. But the mastery of Lake Erie would stop the communication between the west and the great commercial entrepôts and manufactories of the Eastern States; preventing the west from getting rid of its raw produce on receiving payment in return, except by an expensive land-carriage route. It is not, however, as merely intercepting the internal trade of the country that the lakes are important; whoever is master of these waters is master of the war. No matter what the superiority of the land force may be, it cannot act on the offensive with freedom or with safety if the enemy is superior on the lakes; because its communications and supplies must be always liable to be intercepted, its line of retreat threatened, and in case of reverse probably cut off. If the British be superior on the waters, the whole of the American cities and settlements on their banks may be destroyed or ravaged; if the Americans be most powerful, the settled peninsula of Upper Canada, lying between Lakes Huron, Erie, and Ontario, may be swept by the irregular troops of the enemy, even if their land army should be inferior, unless we garrison the whole country. The mishaps on these waters during the last war have been attributed to the neglect of the admiralty; but that department had then much to do, and the public attention was fixed upon Napoleon. Should a war unhappily now take place, the public mind will be undivided, and except in frigate and privateering affairs the real fighting will most probably take place along the Canadian frontiers. Any failure here, as it will be the most conspicuous, and to us the most vital, will be the most closely scrutinized; and disgraceful expulsion from office would be a very slight punishment for men who had not strained every nerve to render us sufficient both by land and water on the most important line of attack and defence.

SOLILOQUY OF AN OLD BACHELOR ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

Let youthful lovers fondly greet
With song and dance, their natal day;
Let them in social circles meet
And laugh the jocund hours away;

But mine, alas!
Must sadly pass

By no kind gratulations blest;
Mine but excites the silent tear,
That now another lonely year,
Has followed all the rest.

But whither, whither are they flown?
What traces have they left behind?
What transports can I call my own?
What social bosom can I find?

I view the past,
And stand aghast!
How much alas, of life's short span!
And memory cries as thus I gaze,

Where are the friends of former days,
Thou solitary man!

Some, blest of Heaven, and timely wise,
Are joined in Hymen's silken bands—
Have learned Heaven's last best gift to prize,
And joined with hers the willing hand;

With fond embrace
Each grief they chase,
Whatever ills their steps betide;
And hand in hand, they sweetly stray,
Thro' life's perplexed and thorny way
With truest love their guide.

Some seek their country's bannered plain
And fearless dare the hostile fray;
And some the growing love of gain
Hath lured to foreign lands away.

And some, indeed,
Whose names I read
Engraved on many a mossy stone,
Were early numbered with the dead.
Thus, all, their diff'rent ways have sped,
And left me here alone.

They say that my unfeeling breast
Ne'er felt love's pleasing anxious smart—
Was ne'er with doubts and fears oppress'd,
Nor sigh'd to win a woman's heart.

But let them say
Whate'er they may—
I heed not censure now, nor praise—
I could not ask a gentle maid
To share with me the lowly shade;—
I hope for brighter days.

Yes, I have felt that hallowed flame
Which burns with constant, chaste desire;
I too, have cherished long a name
Which set my youthful breast on fire;

But hope's sweet smiles
And watching wiles
Bereft my heart of every pain.—
And I have slept in her soft bowers,
Till now of life's last lingering hours,
How few alas, remain!

Ah! now her fairy reign is past,—
For youth's warm raptures now are o'er;
Those visions, all too bright to last,
Of love and joy can charm no more!

Some little toys,
Some puny joys,
To wear life's listless calm away;
Then near some old neglected stone,
Unwept, unnoticed, and unknown,
I yield the worm its prey.

Come then! whatever ills await!
Tho' age sits hoary on my brow,
I care not for the ills of fate;
And poverty, I scorn thee now!
I shall not see,
Obscured by thee,
Fair, lovely woman's charms decay!—
Have I no tie to keep me here?
Not one!—Why then without a tear
I yield the worm its prey!

It is a happy faculty for one whose fate it is to walk peaceably (though sometimes pensively) through the by-paths of life, to have a quickness in discerning every violet that springs up among brambles, and every rainbow that smiles through the tears of the sky.—Mrs. Grant.

From the New York Observer.

THE FIRE ISLANDS—(LONG ISLAND.)

BY THE REV. J. T. HEADLEY.

THE morning after our unsuccessful deer expedition the hunters started out again. It was an Indian summer day in appearance and temperature. Not a breath of air shook the withered leaves that drooped from the branches, while the smoky atmosphere drew a veil over the sky and earth, giving a soft and dreamy aspect to nature. It was one of those days when sound is transmitted to a great distance, and the whole concave seems a great whispering gallery, save that while it transmits it also *dulls* every sound. Again I stood in the depths of the forest beside the stream; but how changed had everything become. There was no motion, no wild swaying to and fro of the distracted branches—no struggle of the old trees to keep their ancient foundations. The stream slipped by with a gentle murmur, kissing the flags that stooped over it, while even the light tread of the "chick-a-dee dee" could be heard on the dry leaves. Not a cloud was on the sky, while the sun looked drowsily down through the murky atmosphere, and all was silent, as a great forest without wind always is, for

"The streams were staid, and the maples still."

It was a fine morning for the huntsman, who delights above all things in the cry of the hounds as they open on the track. As the forest this morning rang and echoed with their deep baying as they struck the fresh track, I did not wonder at the excitement often witnessed in the chase, and involuntarily there came to my mind the opening lines of the *Lady of the Lake*:

"The stag at eve had drunk his fill
Where danced the moon on Morna's rill,
And deep his midnight lair had made
In lone Glenartney's hazel shade;
But when the sun his beacon red
Had kindled on Benvoirlich's head,
The deep-mouthed blood-hound's heavy bay
Resounded up the rocky way;
And faint from farther distance borne
Were heard the clanging hoof and horn."

Several deer were driven this morning, but none killed, as most of the hunters were gentlemen from New York to whom the sight of a deer was a new object, and what the hunters call the "buck fever" is not an uncommon thing with them. The exhibition they frequently make is very ludicrous. It was here Mr. Delmonico, of the famous eating house of New York, was found dead. A shot was heard during the day on the stand which he occupied, and after the hunters had all come in he was missing. On going to the spot, he was found fallen with his face in the water. His gun partly reloaded, lay beside him. He had evidently seen a deer and fired at him and missed. The excitement had brought on an epileptic fit, and before he had finished re-charging his gun he had fallen. Having pitched forward into the water, he was drowned before he could recover from the fit.

A Frenchman from the city, standing here one day, saw a large buck come leaping down the stream, tossing his huge antlers in the air. Without firing, he threw down his gun and gave chase, thinking in his simplicity that the deer could not possibly get through the tangled woods with his branching horns, and he could take him alive.

As I stood beside the stream, from the distant sea came the constant dull report of fire-arms. It was an excellent day for duck shooting on the water, and up and down the shore, for eight or ten miles, it was an incessant explosion of fire-arms. Those who supply the New York market with ducks have a curious way of taking them. A box just large enough to contain and float a man as he lies on his back, is pushed four or five miles out to sea in some bay, supported by two flat boards that spread out like wings on either side, to break the waves that would otherwise dash over it. Anchoring this in some convenient spot, they lie down, and throwing out their decoy duck, (made of wood,) attract every flock that passes by to the spot. As they wheel round and stoop to the water, the unseen hunter fires his huge double-barrelled gun into their midst. In a good day he frequently kills a hundred birds.

At length I strolled away by myself, intending to take a long semi-circle through the forest and strike the ocean some four or five miles distant. It was one of those days in which I love to wander alone "by stream or wave" or through the sombre autumn woods, and let the poetry, the thoughtfulness, and even the sadness of nature sink into my spirit. Sometimes I would be ankle deep in the withered leaves as I strolled on, I scarcely knew or cared whither. Coming, at length, to an arm of the sea that stretched far inland, I followed it down for a mile or two to the main shore. It was low tide and so with the aid of tight boots, I was able to cross the marshes which the rising sea floods, and stood at last on the smooth sand beach along which I wandered for more than a mile.

Stand here a moment with me and look off on the solemn ocean. Not a breath of air is abroad, and the mighty waters spread away like an endless mirror from your feet. The smooth ripple comes with a slow and sluggish movement and lays its gentle lip without a murmur on the beach; while flocks of wild fowl glance by through the hazy atmosphere, like messengers from the distant deep, where it melts and blends into the smoky horizon. Not a human habitation is in sight, and as you stand and muse, you cannot but think of that other "vast ocean" in which you are "to sail so soon."

But listen a moment! Miles out on the slumbering water, lost in the smoky atmosphere, comes the incessant report of fire-arms. Scores of these "batteries" are anchored there. The incessant firing they keep up seems like the cannonading between two battle-ships that are at the work of death. The dull and heavy sound is increased in volume on the sea, and by the state of the atmosphere, and the uninterrupted boom! boom! from the distant mist-wrapped ocean awakens strange feelings in one just from the stir and tumult of city life. There is not an interval of ten seconds between these explosions. Sometimes there are several discharges at once, like a whole broadside, and then a rolling fire like that which goes from stem to stern of a ship, and then a straggling shot jarring the atmosphere with its report. As a sort of interlude to all this, from an unseen island, three or four miles distant, rises a confused and constant scream from myriads of sea-fowl congregated there—keeping up one of the wildest concerts I ever listened to. Rising as it does out of the mist, and, as it were, in response to the constant explosion along the sea; like the cries of the wounded and dying on a field of battle, and just as

twilight is deepening over the water; it imparts inconceivable wildness and mystery to the scene. In the midst of this mighty solitude I stood absorbed and impressed beyond measure, and lingered till the increasing darkness and the rising tide admonished me it was time to return. A new world of thought and emotion had been born within me in the few hours I had mused on that solitary shore.

How impressive Nature is in all her aspects. Whether she looks in one's face from the smiling landscape of a New England valley, or humbles one amid the glaciers and snow-fields and shuddering abysses of Alpine solitudes, or saddens the heart with the murmur of waves and broad expanse of the mysterious sea, she presents the same attractions, and has the same chastening effect. I never shall forget that afternoon stroll by the ocean around the Fire Islands.

The next morning we were to leave for the city. The sky was overcast as I rose and looked out on the ocean. It seemed preparing for one of those warm, quiet, drizzling rains. The atmosphere in such a state always has great refracting power from the moisture it contains, and I was struck with the appearance of buildings on the Fire Islands. Usually they seemed (as they really did) to stand up some of them several feet from the shore, but now I could see distinctly the shining surface of the water beyond their foundations. Where the island was low it appeared now to be cut in two and the bright water passed entirely through to the ocean beyond. The lighthouse, which was elevated on a rock, now sat in the sea, if there was any reliance to be placed in one's eyes. Through a powerful spy-glass I could distinguish the water on three sides of it as distinctly as I could see the lighthouse itself, and had I not been informed otherwise, should have had no doubt the building stood in the water, and that the island here and there was really divided. This deception was owing to the refracting power of the atmosphere. The rays of light were reflected strongly from the polished surface of the water while so few came from the dusky beach to make it invisible to the eye. The atmosphere refracting the rays from this smooth surface lifted it up from its real level and threw it apparently above the land. At least this is my explanation, and it is rational and philosophical, whether true in this case or not. The lady of the mansion told me that she had frequently seen ships at sea directly over the island, when no part of the ocean is visible over it, even from the top of the house. This reminds me of the report that in a peculiar state of the atmosphere, Lake Ontario has been seen from Rochester lying calm and distinct against the distant horizon. At sea I have heard captains relate having seen ships that were not visible from deck, mast downwards in the clouds. Mentioning this circumstance to the lady, she said she had witnessed the same singular appearance several times from her house. The explanation of *this* phenomenon I will leave to some one else.

It was with regret I bid the hospitable, intelligent and generous inmate of the mansion adieu, and turned again towards the city. I know of no life more desirable than that of a large landholder whose residence is fixed on some such picturesque spot as this.

CRUSADE AGAINST THE SLAVE TRADE.—There are consequences of the repeal [of the Corn Laws]

which are immediate, and which will have to be dealt with at no long distance of time afterwards. In the case of other great articles of consumption, of which the price is largely and manifestly enhanced by a customs-duty, the public will begin to feel much impatience; and it will not be long before there will be a cry for total repeal of the differential sugar-duties. The price of an important ingredient in the daily food of the people, or at least of that influential section the middle classes, is obviously and largely increased by a differential duty which does nothing for the revenue; it has been continued on sufferance for several years, out of consideration for the West Indian interests; but the people will soon say that it has continued long enough; and they will say so justly. Yet neither the government nor the colonists are yet prepared for the repeal. That subject too is full of its own inherent difficulties; difficulties which our rulers, as they so often do, have made for themselves by former bad legislation. The delay which was asked for the West Indian to "turn round in" has not been improved; government have employed it to obtain no better position in respect of the joint question of sugar and slavery; but the delay must soon end. To escape from the consequent embarrassment, some very summary processes must be resorted to. The West Indians must do the best they can; and the more free labor they shall have imported in the interval, the better for them. Government will only be further involved in inconsistencies unless they turn to the wisest and boldest policy, and absolutely withdraw from the hopeless armed crusade against slavery; abandoning all slave-trade treaties, and limiting their surveillance as a police to their legitimate province, the control of their own subjects. England would then, disentangled from the squabbles and heart-burnings of prize-taking, right of visit, and such mistakes as the seizure of the *Echo* and *Felicidade*, stand out more prominently as being in her own lands and dependencies the great conservatrix and exemplar of liberty for all human kind; and the example would be most convincing to slave-owning countries, if England could make free labor manifestly a *successful* substitute for slave labor. To do so implies the abandonment of a whole policy and system of conduct; but it is a fruitless, thankless, and costly system, whose abandonment will cause nothing but satisfaction at home and abroad, except to a comparatively small and now insignificant sect in this country. The sugar version of "total repeal" will undoubtedly precipitate that crisis.—*Spectator*.

LORD, before I commit a sin it seems to me so shallow, that I may wade through it dry-shod from any guiltiness: but when I have committed it, it often seems so deep that I cannot escape without drowning. Thus I am always in the extremities: either my sins are so small that they need not my repentance, or so great that they cannot obtain thy pardon. Lend me, O Lord, a reed out of thy sanctuary, truly to measure the dimension of my offences. But O! as thou revealest to me more of my misery, reveal also more of thy mercy: lest if my wounds, in my apprehension, gape wider than thy tents, my soul run out at them. If my badness seem bigger than thy goodness, but one hair's breadth, but one moment, that is room and time enough for me to run to eternal despair.—*Fuller*

From Chambers' Journal.

THE POTATO.

It is singular to think that, not more than two hundred and fifty years ago, an insignificant plant, in size not larger than our common weeds, of no external beauty, with a nauseous odor, and a juice of a poisonous quality, should have grown among the crevices of the rocks which bound the shores of Chili, unknown to the world at large, and all but neglected by the rude natives; and that this same plant, transferred to the soil of Europe, should have become one of the most important articles of human food, so much so, as to have greatly influenced the population of half the globe.

There can be no doubt that the potato is a native of America. It is found in its wild state in several parts of that continent, especially in Chili and Peru. Don José Pavon says that it grows in the environs of Lima, and fourteen leagues along the coast; he also found it in the kingdom of Chili. A late traveller in that region, Mr. Darwin, also mentions that he saw this plant in such situations, and under such circumstances, as seemed to leave little doubt of its being in a state of nature.

The potato belongs to a natural family of plants, (the *solanaceæ*;) most of which, as the deadly nightshade, possess poisonous qualities. Indeed, the juice of the leaves, stem, and even skins of the tubers of the potato, are of a highly poisonous nature. In its native state the plant is small, and the tubers seldom exceed the size of a walnut or common chestnut. They are also of a moist waxy consistence, and have a slight bitterish taste. The color of the blossom is generally white, and rarely of the red and purple hues of the cultivated sorts. These tubers are not the roots of the plant, but are true underground stems; and their use in nature appears to be to afford another means of propagating the plants besides that of the seeds, which are contained in the fruit or apple. The tubers contain germinating points or eyes, just as aerial stems have leaf-buds, from which young shoots spring forth. These tubers, after their maturity, are washed out of the soil by rains, and carried by the torrents along the crevices of the rocks, and into the intervening valleys, where they take root, and give rise to new plants. Such is their primary use; but, like many other productions of nature, they have no doubt been destined by the beneficent Contriver of nature to serve also in a secondary capacity. By the careful cultivation of man, these small waxy and bitter tubers have been swelled out into large farinaceous palatable potatoes—one single stem producing many pounds' weight of a sort of food nearly resembling, and little inferior to, that of wheat, or oats, or barley. There never was such a gift bestowed on man since Ceres is fabled first to have brought the grains from heaven. But although three centuries have not yet elapsed since the introduction of the potato into Europe, strange to say, the name of him who first introduced the root rests upon nearly as doubtful authority as that of the planters of the cerealia more than three thousand years ago. It seems to be generally believed that the expedition sent by Sir Walter Raleigh to explore America in 1584 first brought the potato to Britain; but then it would appear that it had been introduced into the south of Europe before this period. In the Chronicle of Peter Cieco, printed in 1553, it is stated that the inhabitants of Quito cultivated a tuberous root

called *papas*, which they used as food, and that this root was then cultivated in Italy, where, in common with the truffle, it was called *taratouffa*. Gerard, an English botanist, mentions in his Herbal, which was published in 1597, that he cultivated in his garden the potato, of which he gives a drawing, and calls it the Virginian potato, to distinguish it from the sweet potato or *batata*, which was common to Europe. Another curious circumstance in the history of this root is, that for more than a century after its introduction into Britain, it was little known, and less prized. For some time it was confined to the gardens of botanists and the curious, and when used at all as food, only at the tables of the rich, as a rare vegetable rather than as a standing dish. The potatoes furnished to the table of the queen of James I., bore the high price of two shillings per pound. Afterwards, though patronized by the Royal Society, and recommended by some of the leading men of the day, the culture of the potato was long of being generally adopted. In 1687 Woolridge thus writes of the tubers:—"I do not hear that it has been yet assayed whether they may not be propagated in great quantities for the use of swine and other cattle." In Mortimer's Gardeners' Kalendar for 1708, the potato is directed to be planted in February; and it is added, "the root is very near the nature of the Jerusalem artichoke, although not so good and wholesome; but it may prove good for swine." Several reasons besides mere prejudice may be given for this neglect. Cultivation had not yet perhaps improved the wild stock to its present perfection; the proper mode of cooking, though simple enough, had not perhaps yet been hit upon; and vegetable food of any kind, except bread, was less sought after, or rather less within the reach of the mass of the people than now. In time, however, the grand discovery began to be made, that this esculent was preëminently the poor man's food and comfort. In Ireland, in Lancaster, and the western districts of England, and in Scotland, where land was portioned out in small parts on the cotter system, the potato culture, once begun, rapidly advanced, and spread over the whole country. A cottager in Stirlingshire, of the name of Prentice, about the year 1728, was the first to introduce the profitable culture of the potato among his fellow-laborers; and in 1734 the first field-crop was grown in the same county. This man made a little competency by the sale of seed-potatoes to his neighbors, and thus was the means of spreading their culture among his countrymen. Within the last fifty years such has been the rapid extension of this culture, that now there is not perhaps a table spread on any one day throughout the year among the many millions of Great Britain, from the prince to the peasant, where this root is not to be found.

From the Colonization Herald.

HORRIBLE TAXATION.

THE king of England took from the pockets of his subjects \$4,000,000,000 to replace the Bourbons on the throne of France. The *interest* of this sum, at 5 per cent., would be \$200,000,000 annually; which would go so far to place Jesus Christ on the throne of this alienated world, as to support a standing army of 400,000 missionaries of the Gospel in pagan lands, and Christian lands paganized by systems of grinding oppression and moral

degradation. The interest of the money thus wrenched from the hard, lean hands of the toiling people of Great Britain, would build 10,000 miles of railroad every year; until the habitable globe were intersected by the iron highways for the nations. The amount or principal, if divided among the 214,000,000 inhabitants of Europe, would put \$18.69 into the hands of every individual!

The debt of the Netherlands, contracted, as all national debts are, to meet the expenses of war, past or prospective, amounts to \$665,000,000. To liquidate this debt would require a tax of three dollars and twelve and a half cents on every inhabitant of Europe, and 75 cents on every individual on the globe. Divided among the population of Holland, the share of each inhabitant would be \$266. The wages of laboring men throughout the world probably do not average 20 cents a day. Then, at that rate, *three thousand three hundred and forty millions* of hard toiling sons of labor would have to work one day in order to foot this war-bill of little Holland!

Let every Englishman read this fact, and look upon the hungry millions of his countrymen, and ponder, feel, and speak: During the year 1835, one of great commercial prosperity, the value of all the British and Irish produce and manufactures exported from the United Kingdom was \$208,437,980. The appropriations for the payment of the interest of the British war-debt and for the support of the army, navy and ordnance, during the current year, amount to \$225,403,500!!! Think of that, all who love humanity! The war expenses, in time of peace, exceeding, by nearly \$20,000,000, all that the human and iron machinery of that great kingdom can produce beyond its home consumption!!!

But let us end, if we do not begin, at home. Let us assume the average price of cotton, at all places of its exportation in the union, to be 7½ cents per pound. The crop for 1845 is estimated at 872,000,000 pounds; worth, at the above rate, \$65,400,000. In 1834, the capital invested in the production of cotton, was \$800,000,000, and the value of the whole crop, \$76,000,000, at *sixteen cents* per pound. It may then be fair to suppose that \$1,000,000,000 have been thus invested in 1845. The interest of this sum, at six per cent., amounts to \$60,000,000; which, being deducted from the home value of the entire crop, leaves but \$5,400,000, clear profit of the business itself. Now the appropriation to the U. S. navy, for the current year, was \$6,350,789!!! Let cotton growers ponder on this fact, and on another of vital interest to themselves: A war, to prepare for which, we are absorbing three fourths of the revenue of the nation, would annihilate at least half of their capital now invested in the production of cotton; for they would find that \$500,000,000 of their money were invested in *stocks* which would not bring *one cent on the dollar*, in time of war. "In case of a war with England," the function of our glorious little navy and of the glorious great navy of Great Britain, would be a mutual effort to destroy the commerce of both nations, an interest which they own in partnership, amounting to \$100,000,000 per annum, of which *RAW COTTON* makes an item of \$50,000,000! So all that our navy would do for the cotton growers in such a war, would be to destroy a market for fifty millions of dollars' worth of cotton a year.

E. BURRIT.

Worcester, U. S. A., Nov. 25, 1845.

EXPOSITION OF THE STAR IN THE EAST.

THE solid learning and free conjecture of Christian divines have combined with the unfriendly daring of Infidelity to cast a heap of difficulties on the particulars involved in this passage of Holy Writ. Our space will not allow us to review and examine what has been written by friends and enemies, (last of all, by Strauss, *Leben Jesu*, i. 249, 4th edit.,) on the subject. We must content ourselves with a brief statement of what appears to us the right view of the case; referring in justification to the authorities whence we have drawn our materials.

These wise men were Chaldaean magi. During many centuries the magi had been given to the study of astronomy, and for some considerable time before the birth of our Lord they had corrupted and disfigured their scientific knowledge by astrological speculations and dreams. A conviction had long been spread throughout the East, that about the commencement of our era a great and victorious prince, or the Messiah, was to be born. His birth was, in consequence of words of sacred Scripture, (Num. xxiv. 17,) connected with the appearance of a star. Calculation seems to have led the astrological astronomers of Mesopotamia to fix the advent of this king in the latter days of Herod, and the place in the land of Judea. Accordingly, at the appointed time, two planets, Jupiter and Saturn, were in conjunction under such circumstances as to appear one resplendent heavenly body, and to marshal the way for the magi from their own homes to Jerusalem, Bethlehem, and the inn.

But as this view is, we believe, novel in this country, we will enter somewhat more into particulars. It owes its origin to no less a distinguished person than the astronomer Kepler. It has been investigated and approved by some of the soundest minds of Germany. Under the influence of a conjunction of Jupiter, Saturn, and Mars, which took place in the year 1604, Kepler was led to think that he had discovered means for determining the true year of our Saviour's birth. He made his calculations, and found that Jupiter and Saturn were in conjunction in the constellation of the Fishes, (a fish is the astrological symbol of Judea,) in the latter half of the year of Rome, 747, and were joined by Mars in 748. Here then he fixed the first figure in the date of our era; and here he found the appearance in the heavens which induced the magi to undertake their journey, and conducted them successfully on their way. Others have taken up this view, freed it from astrological impurities, and shown its trustworthiness and applicability in the case under consideration. It appears that Jupiter and Saturn came together for the first time on May 20th, in the twentieth degree of the constellation of the Fishes. They then stood before sunrise in the eastern part of the heavens, and so were seen by the magi. Jupiter then passed by Saturn towards the north. About the middle of September they were near midnight both in opposition to the sun, Saturn in the thirteenth, Jupiter in the fifteenth degree, being distant from each other about a degree and a half. They then drew nearer: on October 27th there was a second conjunction in the sixteenth degree, and on November 12th there took place a third conjunction in the fifteenth degree of the same constellation. In the two last conjunctions the interval between the planets amounted to no more than a degree; so that to the unassisted eye the rays of the one planet were

absorbed in those of the other, and the two bodies would appear as one. The two planets went past each other three times, came very near together, and showed themselves all night long for months in conjunction with each other, as if they would never separate again. Their first union in the East awoke the attention of the magi, told them the expected time had come, and bade them set off without delay towards Judæa, (the fish land.) When they reached Jerusalem the two planets were once more blended together. Then, in the evening, they stood in the southern part of the sky, pointing with their united rays to Bethlehem, where the prophecy declared the Messiah was to be born. The magi followed the finger of heavenly light, and were brought to the child Jesus. The conclusion, in regard to the time of the advent, is, that our Lord was born in the latter part of the year of Rome 747, or six years before the common era.

We have not presented this view from any leaning in favor of a rationalistic interpretation; believing that God could, had he so pleased, have created a heavenly body for the purpose. But it must also be said that the Divine Ruler of the Universe is frugal, (*absit invidia verbo*), of his instrumentalities, and might well, in the case before us, make use, for the gracious purposes of his providence, of cosmical arrangements which he had fixed ere the earth and heavens were made.—*Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature*.

JUDAS ISCARIOT EXPLAINED.

AFTER dismissing the various small and personal reasons that are vulgarly supposed to have actuated Judas, the writer, the Reverend J. F. Denham, of St. John's, Cambridge, proceeds.

"We are now at liberty to consider the only remaining motive for the conduct of Judas—viz., dissatisfaction with the procedure of his Master, and a consequent scheme for the furtherance of his own views. It seems to us likely, that the impatience of Judas for the accomplishment of his worldly views, which we conceive to have ever actuated him in following Jesus, could no longer be restrained, and that our Lord's observations at Bethany served to mature a stratagem he had meditated long before. He had no doubt been greatly disappointed at seeing his Master avoid being made a king, after feeding the five thousand in Galilee. Many a favorable crisis had he seemed to lose, or had not dared to embrace; and now while at Bethany he talks of his burial, (John xii. 7;) and though none of his apostles, so firm were their worldly expectations from their Master, could clearly understand such "sayings," (Luke xviii. 34,) yet they had been made "exceeding sorry" by them, (Matt. xvii. 23.) At the same time, Judas had long been convinced, by the miracles he had seen his Master perform, that he was the Messiah, (John vii. 31.) He had even heard him accept this title from his apostles in private, (Matt. xvi. 16.) He had promised them that when he should "sit upon the throne of his glory, they should sit upon twelve thrones judging the twelve tribes of Israel," (Matt. xix. 28.) Yet now, when everything seemed most favorable to the assumption of empire, he hesitates and desponds. In his daily public conferences, too, with the chief priests and Pharisees, he appears to offend them by his reproofs, rather than to conciliate their favor. Within a few days, the people, who had lately given him a triumphal entry into the city, having kept the passover, would be dis-

persed to their homes, and Judas and his fellow-apostles be, perhaps, required to attend their Master on another tedious expedition through the country. Hence it seems most probable that Judas resolved upon the plan of delivering up his Master to the Jewish authorities, when he would be compelled, in self-defence, to prove his claims, by giving them the sign from heaven they had so often demanded: they would, he believed, elect him in due form as the King Messiah, and thus enable him to reward his followers. He did, indeed, receive from Jesus many alarming admonitions against his design; but the plainest warnings are lost upon a mind totally absorbed by a purpose, and agitated by many violent passions. The worst he would permit himself to expect, was a temporary displeasure for placing his Master in this dilemma; but as he most likely believed, judging from himself, that Jesus anticipated worldly aggrandizement, he might calculate upon his forgiveness when the emergency should have been triumphantly surmounted. Nor was this calculation wholly unreasonable. Many an ambitious man would gladly be spared the responsibility of grasping at an empire, which he would willingly find forced upon him. Sextus Pompey is recorded to have rebuked his servant Menas, who offered to put him in possession of the empire by the treacherous seizure of the triumvirs, for not having, unknown to him, performed the service, which, when proposed to him, he felt bound in honor to reject, (Suet. *Octav.*) In Shakspeare's version of his language—

'Ah, this thou shouldst have done,

And not have spoke on't. * * * *

Being done, unknown,

I should have found it afterwards well done.'

Ant. and Cleop.

Judas could not doubt his Master's ability to extricate himself from his enemies by miracle. He had known him to do so more than once, (Luke iv. 30; John viii. 59; x. 39.) Hence his direction to the officers to 'hold him fast,' when he was apprehended, (Matt. xxiv. 48.) With other Jews he believed the Messiah would never die, (John xii. 34;) accordingly, we regard his pecuniary stipulation with the priests as a mere artful cover to his deeper and more comprehensive design; and so that he served their purpose in causing the apprehension of Jesus, they would little care to scrutinize his motive. All they felt was being 'glad' at his proposal, (Mark xiv. 11;) and the plan appeared to hold good up to the very moment of our Lord's condemnation; for after his apprehension his miraculous power seems unabated, from his healing Malchus. Judas heard him declare that he could even then 'ask, and his Father would give him twelve legions of angels,' for his rescue. But when Judas, who awaited the issue of the trial with such different expectations, saw that though Jesus had avowed himself to be the Messiah, he had not convinced the Sanhedrim; and, instead of extricating himself from their power by miracle, had submitted to be 'condemned, buffeted, and spit upon' by his judges and accusers; then it should seem he awoke to a full view of all the consequences of his conduct. The prophecies of the Old Testament 'that Christ should suffer,' and of Jesus concerning his own rejection and death, flashed on his mind in their true sense and full force, and he found himself the wretched instrument of their fulfilment. He made a last desperate

effort to stay proceedings. He presented himself to the chief priests, offered to return the money, confessed that he had sinned in that he had betrayed the innocent blood; and upon receiving their heartless answer, was wrought into a phrensy of despair, during which he committed suicide. There is much significance in these words of Matt. xxvii. 3, 'Then Judas, *when he saw he was condemned*,' not expiring on the cross, 'repented himself,' &c. If such be the true hypothesis of his conduct, then, however culpable it may have been, as originating in the most inordinate covetousness, impatience of the procedure of Providence, crooked policy, or any other bad quality, he is certainly absolved from the direct *intention* of procuring his Master's death."—*Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature*.

From the Athenæum.

TWO DAUGHTERS OF LOUIS PHILIPPE.

It is now some ten or twelve years—perhaps even more—since looking from its farthest end up the long, narrow, arched, and ill-lit gallery of the Louvre, (a tunnel it may be said above ground,) I saw two white fairy-like figures, just where the sides of the perspective seemed to meet, move towards me along its chequered avenue. They resembled those human-shaped specks with which *Steeneick* illuminates the vanishing-point of a cathedral's long-drawn aisle. As they advanced, I could perceive the double row of diminutive painters and paintresses that lined the distance, turn their little dots of heads all one way to behold, while none ventured to salute, the elfin visitants, who passed between them in silence. A single gnome-like dark familiar attended them. By degrees the bright specks grew larger and larger; upon near approach took the dimensions of full-grown sylphs; and became at last neither less nor more than two fair creatures whom sonnetteers call "nymphs," and the prosaic world—alas, and well-a-day!—nice young girls. So very simple, indeed, was their dress, so unobtrusive their demeanor, their unconscious elegance to distinguish them from *élégantes*, that I should have conjectured them merely gentlewomen, had not the mute and motionless respect paid them by their compatriots revealed to me their additional rank. They were the Princesses Marie and Clementine, daughters of Louis Philippe. The younger must have been then about that interesting age at which girls scarce know what sex they belong to, and give their natural buoyancy a kind of timid play; I well recollect the modest freedom, the innocent half-childish *abandon* of her gait, when she walked towards each favorite picture, and nodded a smile of recognition as if it understood her. This is quite the social nature of children or very youthful people, who make companions not of domestic animals alone, but of the insensible objects around them, and love these earliest friends with a fervor they seldom afterwards feel for their much more stockish and soulless circle of human acquaintances. The heart, like the head, is often comparatively large in childhood. Did it remain so through life, the disproportion would be far from a defect! Princess Clementine was tall of her age, dark-haired, and although slim as a young fawn, as graceful too, and as gentle, but as animated. Her sister was her direct contrast in appearance and (ladyism except) in deportment; little, light-haired, somewhat broad of make, unless a valetudinarian shawl

she wore deceived me—grave and unobservant of look—she paced down the middle of the floor, her eyes bent upon it without one glance at the splendid array of artistic attractions beside her! the future sculptress of *Jeanne d'Arc*! Yet I do remember that her countenance was sicklied over with the pale cast of thought; but I imagined it the thought of another world, on which her mental gaze appeared to be fixed; even her cheek seemed to wear the chill reflex of her monument glistening in vision before her, and not far off. The lines applied themselves—for their beautiful superstition is perhaps more catholic among the nations than any creed. As Princess Marie glid spirit-like past, her look, it struck me, prescient of her fate—its very utterance—

I see a hand you cannot see,
That beckons me away;
I hear a voice you cannot hear,
That says I must not stay.

Repeating my disclaimer of all pretension to have anticipated Princess Marie's genius from her physiognomy, still this much is certain, that while her sister's *foot* (nay, her little boot, a striped pattern) remains imprinted on my sealing-wax heart as deep as St. Vallée's sandal upon the rock, I forget her *face* altogether. Again, that there must have been somewhat about her own expression so remarkable that it would not be forgotten—years having failed to weaken any remembrance of it. Yet her features were neither handsome nor pronounced. Such is the magic influence of *mind*!

SHE LOVES HIM YET.

BY MRS. OSGOOD.

SHE loves him yet!
I know by the blush that rises
Beneath the curls
That shadow her soul-lit cheek;
She loves him yet!
Thro' all love's sweet disguises
In timid girls,
A blush will be sure to speak.

But dearer signs
Than the radiant blush of beauty,
The maiden finds,
Whenever his name is heard—
Her young heart thrills;
Forgotten—herself—her duty—
Her dark eye fills,
And her pulse with hope is stirr'd.

She loves him yet!
The flower the false one gave her
When last he came,
Is still with her wild tears wet.
She'll ne'er forget,
However his faith may waver.
Thro' grief and shame,
Believe it—she loves him yet!

His favorite songs
She will sing—she heeds no other;
With all her wrongs
Her life on his love is set.
Oh, doubt no more!
She never can wed another;
Till life be o'er,
She loves—she loves him yet!

From the Spectator.

PEEL'S FUTURE.

AGAIN the government and the Corn-law question are thrown on Sir Robert Peel's hands, and he begins a new career—opens another volume of his history. What is his position to cope with these returning difficulties? It is materially different from what it was.

In some respects it has changed for the worse. He has lost the prestige which he enjoyed in the supposition that he ruled over an undivided cabinet. The present supposition perhaps goes to the other extreme, and presumes his cabinet to be torn by conflicting counsels, only reconciled by some vague apprehension. He has lost the prestige of unquestioned success, and is obnoxious to the fatal influence which enthralled Lord Melbourne's cabinet on its return after Sir Robert Peel's brief ministry, that of consenting to match with diminished strength abated pretensions.

On the other hand, he may be supposed, in the interval of these strange and unexplained manoeuvres, to have shaken off some internal obstruction—perhaps more than there is any outward sign for. If we assume that Lord Stanley has retreated on no free-trade but on colonial grounds, it cannot be denied that Mr. Gladstone is an accession of strength to the "progress" and theorizing section of the cabinet—that section, we mean, comprising the men who, being statesmen as well as officials, take into regard not merely the set routine and practice of government as they find it, but also those critical theories of what government ought to be which serve as guides to improvement and to a progress in the spirit of the times. Moreover, on the assumption that Peel has reaccepted office for some purpose worth his return, it is to be supposed that he has obliged the old colleagues who newly enter his new cabinet to shake off their impending doubts and hesitations. A hopeful incident in the recent version of the tale is, that the Duke of Wellington has not really opposed Sir Robert Peel, but has gallantly prepared to stand by his enlightened colleague. If these assumptions and surmises are correct, although the premier's influence may be a little diminished for the time, his real internal conscious strength may be increased. The fact on this point, whatever way it may lie, is important; for on Sir Robert's calculation of his powers will probably depend the boldness and worth of his measure.

What, then, will be his course, and above all, what his measures for the settlement of the Corn-laws? The question is involved in greater obscurity than ever; for the reports are now so multiplied and contradictory as effectually to neutralize each other; and as all colors produce blank whiteness, so all reports amount to nought. Rumor, however, suggests three alternative courses, which, on the face of them, are all possible enough, though of very opposite merits.

The whigs having incurred for corn-law repeal a show of defeat—of slight or hostility even from a section of the "liberals," Sir Robert Peel may choose to take that for a sign that the event is impracticable, and may recede from the position which he was understood to occupy when his late cabinet broke up. He may think it safer and more cunning to offer a "compromise"—the retention of some duty on corn. We do not think this so probable a surmise as it might be if we excluded from the view Sir Robert Peel's personal charac-

ter and the past circumstances. It is to be observed of his public career, that, although he has suffered the measures of his colleagues to sustain destructive rubs, he has never abated the terms of any cardinal measure proposed by himself. He has indeed altered the terms, when unsuccessful; but it has been in the opposite direction, and he has enlarged them. Traces of this tendency may be found in his financial and Irish policy, and in those measures of internal or colonial policy in which he has actively interfered. The course, then, would be probable enough in another statesman; but it would be inconsistent with the marked features of one of the most peculiar characters that ever fell under the observation of the political critic. The transparent fallacy of the course need not be pointed out, except as an additional argument against the probability of its adoption by so acute a man.

A more plausible scheme, but one scarcely to be less deprecated, is suggested as lying at the premier's option; he might make his proposition to parliament without much effort to enforce its present adoption; on its rejection, "appeal to the country;" and on an adverse decision, resign either the measure or his office. Sir Robert Peel's right to adopt such a course cannot be denied; but would it promise to be in any respect beneficial? It would inflame the country with a contest entered upon under the very worst terms for a struggle. The corn-laws have been argued *usque ad nauseam*, until the only active arguers have ceased to urge *their* side of the dispute: just at that remarkable juncture, the other side, roused from the apathy of indolent, not to say insolent security, are just *beginning* to urge their arguments; but they came to the task with little training, with minds more bewildered by mere unsettlement than stimulated to inquiry, and with an enfeebling sense that they cannot really master the theory of the question, but must abide the issue on a trial of dead strength. These persons would be content with a settlement on almost any terms, if final: but if asked what they would have, they would say, continued protection; and thus they would keep alive that agitation which will not cease until their more active opponents are satisfied. We speak now neither in approval nor blame, but simply deal with what we believe to be the facts. Let the reader glance at the language used at the agricultural and free-trade meetings of the week, and draw his inferences, not from the conscious avowals of the agriculturists, but also from their not less significant unconscious avowals. An appeal to the country, therefore, would merely provoke a fight at the hustings and poll; it would elicit no real decision. The time for a general election could not possibly be more inopportune, while railway speculation is rampant, and the election agents are still more keen as railway-bill-agents: if a million sterling, or whatever sum, was spent at the last election to render it a scene of unparalleled profligacy and corruption, assuredly that would be but a faint prototype of the lavish debauchery that would disgrace a general election now.

"The people," as cognizable by parliament, we say, are undetermined on this question of corn-law repeal; but it is not difficult to discern what might be made the decision of the people some time hence, nor what it will be made if statesmen insist upon waiting for it. "The people" are learning self-reliance; they are discovering that they can break up parties and coerce great statesmen; but the machinery is a clumsy one to move, and the

clear-seeing statesman of our age must learn to anticipate those plainly indicated determinations of the people, without always putting the country to the trouble of a formal pronouncement. In the present instance, there can be no doubt that a statesman establishing free trade in corn, would meet the virtual demand of the intelligent and active portion among "the people;" or that the decision, though not formally made in a shape cognizable by parliament, could be elicited with the due amount of cost and exertion. For it is no small labor and expense to take the real suffrages of some twenty millions or more. It is the consciousness of that latent power and will that has driven statesmen to the present advanced stage in free trade; but it is better that statesmen do not wait to be driven.

These are no idle or "abstract" considerations for statesmen in Sir Robert Peel's position. If he were to retire from public life, or rather, if he had done so lately before entering upon this new career, he would have retreated with a high fame. The petty incriminations that now resound in his ear will be forgotten with the voices that utter them. History does not judge by technical niceties, or by the transient standards of party, but by the general scope of measures, their nature and substance; and in that fashion will Sir Robert Peel be judged. He has propounded measures for the benefit of the country, calculated to stimulate not only its industry but the progress of that opinion which is the life-breath of industry and of society; and he has succeeded in carrying those measures. Such are the broad facts which will describe his career; and they must insure him that favorable representation in the page of history which is supposed to be his chief ambition. He can have no interest in furnishing the reverse to the picture. The remainder of his political life can bear no duration proportionate to that which has passed, though it might be long enough to present a grievous bathos in contrast with the gradual but lofty rise which has characterized his long career—like those mighty eminences of the globe that slope gradually upward from the East, and present to the setting sun an abrupt decline. With such a man at such a time, the small party success of the passing year can be of no moment: the mere carrying of a single bill, the result of a division or a poll, the cheers of an expiring parliament, can weigh little with his mind if it be awake to his own destiny. Such success would be real ruin. Success of the highest kind he can command: for even his withdrawal will always be a signal act: it is his high fortune, that to assert the "eternal principles of justice" identifies his name with their immortality; and his prediction of an approaching truth, though unfulfilled by himself and uttered by his parting voice, will bear down the strength and numbers even of a parliamentary majority. In dealing with this urgent and vital measure of the corn-law, therefore, his object must be to make it truly great and good—as harmless to any as may be—as beneficial to all—a real settlement, but at all events a scheme just and wise in those broad features which are alone regarded by the unimpassioned and remoter view of posterity.

THE LATE AND THE PRESENT COLONIAL MINISTER.

THE visible distinction of the Peel restoration is the change of Mr. Gladstone for Lord Stanley as

colonial minister. There is some endeavor to make it appear that Lord Stanley retired because he was peculiarly pledged to support the principle of agricultural protection; and a speech which he delivered at Liverpool many months ago is quoted in proof of that pledge. We read it very differently. The speech, which we used in this sense at the time, was really an exhortation to farmers to rely, not on protection, but on themselves and agricultural improvements. In fact, none of the ministry stood in a position that pledged him so little to resist free trade as Lord Stanley. His retirement from the colonial office had long been expected on other grounds. Many had surmised that he would not meet parliament again invested with the responsibilities of an office in which he had incurred much vexation and gained no credit. If he were to tell the truth, it would probably come out that New Zealand had far more to do with his retirement than the corn-laws. But, for all his pugnacious chivalry, Lord Stanley has oftener than once shown that he is not above the meanness of disguising a real defeat under the assurance of making no concession. The colonial office is at odds with the other institutions of the country—with the empire itself. This is a great colonizing country: it has vast colonial territories, still growing; its greatness has been built up by that commercial enterprise of which its colonies have originated a large portion. The colonial office is an office full of clerks; the ablest among them so little knows his duty that he deprecates the establishment of colonies, probably on the score of some fanatical scruples; the office attests its own incapacity for ruling the colonial empire, by evading all urgent practical questions that it can evade, and mismanaging the rest. The country is getting aware of the importance of the colonies; the utter incompetency of the office becomes more glaring every day. Its existence is a struggle to suppress the evidence against itself. From being the easiest cabinet office, that of its chief secretary has become the most troublesome and hazardous; and so it will remain, until the reforms which none can prevent be accomplished. While the losing and discreditable struggle last, it will be the office in which a statesman's reputation may be soonest wrecked, or one in which a statesman of damaged repute may be made most unhappy. Lord Stanley had learned that melancholy fact. There is no doubt that he felt himself wholly incapable of satisfying the demands of public opinion in respect of colonial government. He was more completely enthralled by "the office" than any of his predecessors; more helpless. With insatiable ambition and desire for fame, he was bankrupt in real measures; which henceforth will alone purchase reputation for a colonial minister. His resignation was a flight from demands that were a source of perpetual shame and uneasiness—from a sense of his own littleness in a post that requires greatness to make it tolerable.

What do the colonies gain by the exchange from Lord Stanley to Mr. Gladstone? Of the new minister, indeed, there is more mistrust than hope. Not that Mr. Gladstone's ability is doubted—quite the reverse. Few men of his party have displayed so much mental capacity; very few have at once so extensive and so intimate an acquaintance with colonial affairs. But people remember that Mr. Gladstone's redundant ingenuity has not always been displayed in the most toward manner. He has often exhibited himself as furnishing the best arguments against the very measures that he

supported. He has acted as a minister of commerce; but in an office that deals mostly in generalities or in routine—the two extremes that least try a capacity for large administration. In his retirement from office last year, coupled with his conduct out of place—supporting as an individual the identical measure that he eschewed as a minister—he appeared in a light bordering on the ridiculous: he sacrificed substantial things to an overstrained punctilio, in a manner little consistent with practical statesmanship. It is feared that Mr. Gladstone may have only too much “head”—may be betrayed into some extraordinary refinements, intelligible only to casuists, and not at all to plain British merchants or settlers. These fears may be vain; if reliance were to be placed solely on Mr. Gladstone’s natural ability, and unimpeached honesty of purpose, the very highest hopes would be entertained. Much depends upon a fair start. Every minister must be ruined who ventures to support the doomed system of Downing Street; or to withhold from the colonies, far fitter to act for themselves than any body of men here to manage for them, that real—not *sham*—self-government which is due to Englishmen, and which they know to be due. Mr. Gladstone may either be merely one more added to the list of colonial ministers who have sunk in disgrace under the system, or he may be the first to originate a better.—*Spectator*.

LORD ELLENBOROUGH.

A FEW not unexpected shiftings among the seats in the cabinet are announced; and a vacancy thus occasioned, at the head of the admiralty, is to be filled by the Earl of Ellenborough. The admission of this nobleman to the ministry is so hazardous an experiment, that it can hardly be supposed that Sir Robert Peel acts voluntarily in the matter. It is generally imputed to the Duke of Wellington, the earl’s personal friend, his unflinching defender even on Indian grounds, and the indulgent interpreter of his “song of triumph.” The public will inevitably regard the proceeding as part of the general arrangement between the premier and the duke on the subject of the corn-laws—the first instalment in the price of repeal. It will scarcely be the less disliked in “the city,” because no necessary connection will be felt to exist between the corn-law question and the earl, though much between him and Indian affairs, still in an unsettled state; and in commercial quarters sympathy has sided altogether with the East India directors.

The appointment, we say, is hazardous; but we do not know that it is a bad one. Lord Ellenborough may be considered as being newly put upon his trial; unfavorably as respects some impressions of the past, perhaps favorably as respects the choice of an office for him. His general abilities are undoubted. In the particular department, his energies may have legitimate vent, without endangering any interest. It is no matter how formidable, or even how ardent and fierce, our navy might be rendered: the more efficient every tool can be made, the more powerfully and also the more delicately it can be used—it is your blunt knife that makes the worst hacking. Our navy might, too, be greatly improved by the administration of some vigorous mind not shackled by mere routine, but ready to meet altered times and aspects with new appliances. The true policy is, not to have an in-

effectual or dull arm of war, but prudent counsels; and the question therefore is, not whether the war ministers are tame folks, but whether the civil members of the council, who determine on peace or war, are prudent men.—*Spectator*.

From the Examiner.

“CEAD MILE FAILTE!”

THE HUNDRED THOUSAND WELCOMES!

“A flight of swallows passed over our vessel to-day. Some one said—‘Mayhap those birds will soon be in Ireland.—Oh! if the creatures had but the sense to carry news of us home—they’d be the welcome birds in Connaught!’ I stood and watched them out of sight—and God knows my heart went with them.”—*Extract from an Irish Emigrant’s Letter*.

Oh, happy, happy swallows!—the spring is come again,

And ye are bound for your old homes—beyond this weary main!

Fly on, fly on! your last-year nests our roofs may shelter still,

But the poor turf-fire is out at last! our hearths are black and chill!

There is no life, there is no sound!—the old man sits no more

Within the shadow of the thatch, beside the cottage door,—

The child has ceased its playing in the shallow brook close by,

And no kindly smoke is climbing the cold and empty sky!—

Few eyes shall watch your coming! few and sad our friends remain,—

But “the hundred thousand welcomes!” shall be said to *you* again!

For us alone—poor exiles! those words of kindly cheer

Shall fall no more in Irish tongue upon the longings ear!

None wait for us! none welcome us!—Beyond the plunging wave—

Small space—to labor in, and die—is all the exiles crave!

Yet tell our friends in Ireland, that we talk of them by day,

And we dream of them the live-long night, and waken up to pray!

In sleep we feel the parting clasp of each beloved hand,

And we hear the fervent accents of that cordial-spoken land!—

And we’ll teach them to our children—even on that alien shore,

Where “the hundred thousand welcomes!” shall be said to us no more.

Oh! blessed words! the very sound takes back the heart again,

Like a glad bird! a thousand miles across this dreary main!

We hear no more the plashing wave beneath the vessel’s prow—

The dear green fields lie round us—which *others* labor now!

The sunny slopes! the little paths—that wound from door to door!

So worn by friendly steps—that ne’er shall tread those pathways more:—

Dear faces gathered round the hearth! dear voices in our ear!

And neighbor hands that clasp our own—and spread their simple cheer,—
That scanty meal, so hardly earned! yet shared with such good-will!
And “the hundred thousand welcomes!”—that made it sweeter still!

Is the cabin still left standing? Had the rich man need of *all*?

Is the children's birth-place taken now, within the new park wall?

And the little field! that was to us—such source of hopes and cares—

An unregarded harvest, to the rich man's barns it bears!—

Oh, could he know how much to us, that little field hath been:

What heart-warm prayers have hallowed it!—what dismal fears between,

What hopeless toil hath groaned to God, from that poor plot of ground,

Which held our all of painful life, within its narrow bound!—

'T would seem no *common* earth to him! he'd grieve amidst his store,

That “the hundred thousand welcomes!” are said to us no more!—

But tell our friends in Ireland, that in our distant home,

We'll think of them at that glad time, when back the swallows come!

The time for hopeful labor! when the dreary winter's past,

And you see the long, brown furrows—are growing green at last!

And tell our friends—we pray them to be patient in their pain,

For the dear God knows our sorrows! and his promise is not vain!—

A little toil—a little care!—and in a world of bliss—

We shall forget the poverty that parted us in this!—

How small a thing 't will seem to us—upon that blessed shore!

Where “the hundred thousand welcomes!” shall be ours for evermore!

H. D.

THE ADVENTURES OF A CHAMOIS HUNTER.

“Ah! write it all down, and I'll tell you something about the cunning of the chamois, that no one has heard before,” said a Styrian chamois-hunter, to Mr. Khol, the traveller; and in truth he told him a most wonderful and interesting story, which shows not only the cunning of that animal, but the wonderful and great love of its young ones which God has implanted in its breast. The chamois is a species of wild goat, which is found in Alpine countries, and esteemed valuable for the sake of its skin, of which is made a very fine kind of leather. The chamois-hunters often run great risks in pursuing them; and the relation of the Styrian chamois-hunter was as follows:

“The previous year he had found a geis or female chamois ready to bring forth. He had followed her for eight days, to see where she would

deposit her young. Sometimes he took off his shoes, and climbed on his bare feet, like a cat; and once, when he had to clamber up the steep face of a rock, he cut off all the buttons from his clothes, that they might not make a jingle. At last he discovered the two young ones in a niche at the top of a high rock, in a *kath*, as the hunters call it. The little ones were sporting round the mother, who glanced, from time to time, down into the valley, to watch for any hostile approach. To avoid being seen, our hunter made a great circuit, and so reached a path that led to the *kath*. Exactly in front of the niche the rocks descend perpendicularly to an immense depth. At the back was another steep descent. Some fragments of rock reformed a kind of bridge between the large masses; but these were placed too high to be accessible to the little ones, and could only be available for their mother. The hunter rejoiced as he contemplated this position, and pressed upon the animals whose escape seemed impossible. When the old one caught sight of him, she measured with a glance the unfavorable disposition of the rock, she sprang upon the hunter with the fury that maternal love will breathe into most timid creatures.—The danger of such attacks is less from the thrust, which is not very violent, than from the endeavor of the animal to fix the point of its horns, which are bent like fish-hooks, in the legs of the hunter, and then press him back down the precipices. It happens sometimes that the chamois and the hunter thus entangled, roll into the abyss together. Our hunter was in no condition to fire at the advancing chamois, as he found both hands necessary to sustain himself on the narrow path; he therefore warded off the blows as well as he could with his feet, and kept still advancing. The anguish of the mother increased. She dashed back to her young, coursed round them with loud cries, as if to warn them of their danger, and then leaped up the before-named fragments of rock, from which the second but more difficult egress from the grotto was to be won. She then leaped down again to her little ones, and seemed to encourage them to attempt the leap. In vain the little creatures sprang and wounded their foreheads against the rocks that were too high for them, and in vain the mother repeated again and again her firm and graceful leap, to show them the way. All this was the work of a few minutes whilst the hunter had again advanced some steps nearer. He was just preparing to make the last effort, when the following picture, which was the particular circumstance he referred to in speaking of the chamois' cunning, met his astonished eyes:—The old chamois, fixing her hind legs firmly on the rock behind, had stretched her body to its utmost length, and planted her fore feet on the rock above, thus forming a temporary bridge of her back. The little ones in a minute seemed to comprehend the design of their mother, sprang upon her like cats, and thus reached the point of safety; the picture only lasting long enough to enable their pursuer to make the last step. He sprang into the niche, thinking himself now sure of the young chamois, but all three were off with the speed of the wind, and a couple of shots that he sent after the fugitives merely announced by their echo to the surrounding rocks that he had missed his game.”—*Khol's Austria*

From the Spectator.

OLIVER CROMWELL'S LETTERS AND SPEECHES,* ELUCIDATED BY CARLYLE.

THE present age has witnessed numerous publications of original letters by great men,—the Wellington and Wellesley Despatches, the Correspondence of Nelson and Marlborough, and the translation of Cortes' own epistolary narrative of the Conquest of Mexico. To these Mr. Carlyle has now added a complete collection of the Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell, brought together from various sources,—contemporary publications, formal biographies and miscellaneous collections of a later date, the manuscript repositories in the British Museum, and some originals or copies still preserved by private families. Such a publication would be valuable merely as a collection, and must of necessity occupy a place on the shelves of every library; but this edition differs from the other collections of the heroic pen, by having "Elucidations," as the author calls them, very much exceeding in bulk the original documents, and throwing upon them a steady light, which is at once history, biography, genealogy without its dryness, and topography, done often in the best and sometimes in the most extraordinary style of Carlylesm—which is like itself and nothing else.

The arrangement of the original letters is strictly chronological, classed according to the epoch of the hero's life to which they relate. The first is dated in January, 1636, when Cromwell was in his thirty-seventh year, residing at St. Ives as a gentleman grazier or farmer. The hiatus which this opening would leave in the life is filled up by an introductory notice, called "Events in Oliver's Biography," where only facts that can be proved—such as his birth, his entrance at Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge—are embraced; throwing overboard all the stories that various writers, especially Heath, (whom Carlyle calls "Carriion Heath,") have collected; but the commentator himself indulges in various paintings that have as little groundwork as Heath's anecdotes, although the reader sees at once that they are Carlyle's imaginings, and is not therefore misled. This biography is preceded by a view of the Cromwell kindred; showing the old English gentleman status of the family, and inferring, perhaps proving, its relationship to the Cromwell of Harry the Eighth's time; all done with a clearness, knowledge, and a power of animating the dry bones of heraldry, which make even genealogy interesting. There is other introductory matter, not so necessary, but in place, and curious for its character,—Mr. Carlyle's opinion of the biographers of Cromwell; a critical exposition of his own view of Cromwell's Letters and Speeches; and a paper called "Dryasdust," which is chiefly distinguished for an unmitigated censure of all the historians and original chroniclers or recorders of the seventeenth century, and an overweening confidence in himself.

Stripped of Mr. Carlyle's excited earnestness of view, or perhaps of the coloring which is imparted to it by a phraseology forcedly quaint and an effect produced by the use of nicknames, the object of the work is to clear the memory of Cromwell from the odium which is still attached to him as a hypocrite and self-seeker; to vindicate the character of the Puritans, as a heroic and truly religious sect, of which Cromwell was the head; and to throw

further discredit upon Charles and his party, especially poor Laud. To take up any one of these points, would require so long a time and so large a space, that we must summarily pass it. As regards Charles, his faithlessness and weak reliance upon his right divine is well marked, but no particular novelty is struck out. The high respectability, the conscientious belief, the deep and truthful earnestness, of the country or opposition party, as well as the oppression of the court, are well impressed upon the reader; together with the worthy old-fashioned family character of many of the popular leaders. The soundness of the hero-worship which Mr. Carlyle offers up to Cromwell is not quite so convincingly made out. His letters always read to us as unlike the real effusions of a mind—they seem equally deficient in the unction of a fanatic or the convictions of a true reason. Yet this may arise from a peculiar staidness of idiosyncrasy; for it shows itself in his most private correspondence, and appears even in his earliest letters, when he could not have had a conception of his coming greatness. His unmoved steadiness throughout his career tells, too, in favor of the hypothesis of a deep religious conviction always actuating him with the notion that he was doing the Lord's business. He is ever the same. In his difficulties at Dunbar, in the height of his triumphs, in the full flow of his greatness, in the hour of death, he is the calm, resolved, impassible person, or moved only by the thoughts of God and judgment. Yet there is nothing about him above or differing from humanity. He has none of the "contemptuous pride of Sylla," which prompted the Roman as soon as he had overcome the difficulties to throw up the pomp and routine business of ruling station, as matters he did not choose to be troubled with; nor of that coldness too philosophical or too proud to show emotion at greatness or any other thing. In private life, from first to last, Cromwell shows himself as the old English family gentleman, both among his children and his connexions,—with a touch of grave sportiveness; a trait that goes far to support the verity Mr. Carlyle attributes to his public writings, because this jocularity wears the same appearance of want of earnestness that we note in his more formal productions, and it is well known by many anecdotes that Cromwell was by nature jocular. It is probable that his deep sense of religion might give him a "rule and governance," a steadfastness which subdued his own character to a sort of artificial guise; except upon such occasions as the death of his daughter, when nature would have way. There is something touching in this striking picture of the Protector's misery when all Europe was ringing with his greatness, and France had first despatched a splendid embassy to congratulate him on his successes against the Spaniards, it being said that only the health of young Louis the Fourteenth prevented him from coming in person.

"The Manzinis and Ducs de Crequi, with their splendors, and congratulations about Dunkirk, interesting to the street-populations and general public, had not yet withdrawn, when at Hampton Court there had begun a private scene, of much deeper and quite opposite interest there. The Lady Claypole, Oliver's favorite daughter, a favorite of all the world, had fallen sick we know not when; lay sick now—to death, as it proved. Her disease was of internal female nature; the pain-fullest and most harassing to mind and sense, it is understood, that falls to the lot of a human creature. Hampton Court we can fancy once more, in

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those July days, a house of sorrow; pale death knocking there, as at the door of the meanest hut. 'She had great sufferings, great exercises of spirit.' Yes:—and in the depths of the old centuries, we see a pale anxious mother, anxious husband, anxious weeping sisters, a poor young Frances weeping anew in her weeds. 'For the last fourteen days' his highness has been by her bedside at Hampton Court, unable to attend to any public business whatever. Be still, my child; trust thou yet in God: in the waves of the dark river there too is He a God of help!—On the 6th day of August she lay dead; at rest forever. My young, my beautiful, my brave! She is taken from me; I am left bereaved of her. The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord!

"His highness," says Maidston, 'being at Hampton Court, sickened a little before the Lady Elizabeth died. Her decease was on Friday, 6th August, 1658; she having long lain under great extremity of bodily pain, which, with frequent and violent convulsion-fits, brought her to her end. But as to his highness, it was observed that his sense of her outward misery, in the pains she endured, took deep impression upon him; who indeed was ever a most indulgent and tender father;—his affections' too 'being regulated and bounded by such Christian wisdom and prudence, as did eminently shine in filling up not only that relation of a father, but also all other relations; wherein he was a most rare and singular example. And no doubt but the sympathy of his spirit with his sorely afflicted and dying daughter' did break him down at this time; 'considering also,'—innumerable other considerations of sufferings and toils, 'which made me often wonder he was able to hold up so long; except' indeed 'that he was borne up by a supernatural power at a more than ordinary rate. As a mercy to the truly Christian world, and to us of these nations, had we been worthy of him!'—

"The same authority, who unhappily is not chronological, adds elsewhere this little picture, which we must take with us: 'At Hampton Court, a few days after the death of the Lady Elizabeth, which touched him nearly—being then himself under bodily distempers, forerunners of that sickness which was to death, and in his bedchamber—he called for his Bible, and desired an honorable and godly person there, with others present, to read unto him that passage in Philippians, fourth: *Not that I speak in respect of want: for I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content. I know both how to be abased, and I know how to abound. Everywhere, and by all things, I am instructed; both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need. I can do all things, through Christ which strengtheneth me.* Which read,—said he, to use his own words as near as I can remember them: "This Scripture did once save my life; when my eldest son," poor Oliver, "died; [date and cause unknown, but probably slain during the first Civil War, in which he served] which went as a dagger to my heart, indeed it did." And then repeating the words of the text himself, and reading the tenth and eleventh verses, of Paul's contentation, and submission to the will of God in all conditions—said he: "It's true, Paul, you have learned this, and attained to this measure of grace: but what shall I do? Ah, poor creature, it is a hard lesson for me to take out! I find it so!" But reading on to the thirteenth verse, where Paul saith, *I can do all things through Christ that*

strengtheneth me, then faith began to work, and his heart to find support and comfort, and he said thus to himself, "He that was Paul's Christ is my Christ too!" And so drew waters out of the well of salvation."

Whether the reader agree with Mr. Carlyle in his hero-worship of Cromwell, or think with others that the great man's ambition was excited by the opportunities which presented themselves, and that his character became a mixture of hypocrisy and earnestness, which no one, not even himself, could unravel, it must at least be admitted that much of what is called his usurpation was forced upon him. He alone, in fact, stood between tyranny and anarchy. The return of Charles would have led to persecutions of which our history affords no parallel; the ascendancy of the Presbyterians would have rendered the previous conflict useless, and established an ecclesiastical tyranny as bad as Laud's; all government must have fallen to pieces in the hands of the Levellers of the Army and the Fifth Monarchy men, and events have forced upon them a reign of terror; the Republicans were not strong enough or able enough to have established their beloved commonwealth; and, practically, each of the three last-named parties would have fought for mastery had not Cromwell successively subdued them as they rose. The execution of Charles was one of the most striking events in history, and of a boldness of which we in this age can scarcely form a conception; but as a matter of policy it was perhaps an error. Unless the whole family had been secured, no purpose was answered by the death of one. Charles the First frightened into exile was not more troublesome than Charles the Second; possibly less so, for he never would have taken the Covenant. The instrumentality of Cromwell in that business compelled him to go on: for power was necessary to his safety. But for the "regicide" part of the matter, Cromwell could at any time have retired and left the factions to themselves, till a stern necessity recalled him. But the weapon of resignation was struck from his hands on the 30th of January, 1649. On Mr. Carlyle's view that Cromwell and the members of the High Court felt they were carrying into execution a judgment of God, human policy or earthly consequences were out of the question; and, no doubt, this view applied to Cromwell gives to his conduct a consistency which is not attainable by any other hypothesis, either critical or rabidly royal. At the same time, experience shows (such is the inconsistency of man!) that even conscientious people of this kind are not always above the use of art.

The plan of this work may have partly been perceived from our remarks and extract—that letters written within a certain epoch are preceded and followed by the elucidations, sometimes brief, sometimes running to great length. The matter of these is very various, extending from a genealogical fact to a summary of the history of the time. Perhaps the form of the work, by rendering each section complete in itself, admits of details being presented without the effect of minuteness; but we never met so vast a mass of matter which was so readable, so real, and of so sustained an interest. The collected Letters and Speeches of Cromwell are a valuable collection of historical muniments; but they derive additional value from the light which Carlyle's Commentaries on Cromwell throw upon them, notwithstanding a frequent intermixture of mere Carlyleisms.

An idea of the illustration which these commen-

taries throw upon the age, and the manner in which the past is vivified by means of the present, can only be attained by reading the volumes; but we will give two extracts that shall indicate their manner. The following graphic account of St. Ives, where Cromwell resided for some years, introduces the first letter.

"St. Ives, a small town of perhaps fifteen hundred souls, stands on the left or north-eastern bank of the river Ouse, in flat grassy country, and is still noted as a cattle-market in those parts. Its chief historical fame is likely to rest on the following one remaining Letter of Cromwell's, written there on the 11th of January, 1635-6.

"The little town, of somewhat dingy aspect, and very quiescent except on market-days, runs from north-west to south-east, parallel to the shore of the Ouse, a short furlong in length; it probably, in Cromwell's time, consisted mainly of a row of houses fronting the river; the now opposite row, which has its back to the river, and still is shorter than the other, still defective at the upper end, was probably built since. In that case, the locality we hear of as the 'Green' of St. Ives would then be space which is now covered mainly with cattle pens for market-business, and forms the middle of the street. A narrow steep old Bridge, probably the same which Cromwell travelled, leads you over, westward, towards Godmanchester, where you again cross the Ouse, and get into Huntingdon. Eastward out of St. Ives, your route is towards Eairth, Ely, and the heart of the Fens.

"At the upper or north-western extremity of the place stands the church; Cromwell's old fields being at the opposite extremity. The church from its churchyard looks down into the very river, which is fenced from it by a brick wall. The Ouse flows here, you cannot without study tell in which direction, fringed with gross reedy herbage and bushes; and is of the blackness of Acheron, streaked with foul metallic glitterings and plays of color. For a short space downwards here, the banks of it are fully visible; the western row of houses being somewhat the shorter, as already hinted; instead of houses here, you have a rough wooden balustrade, and the black Acheron of an Ouse river used as washing-place or watering-place for cattle. The old church, suitable for such a population, stands yet as it did in Cromwell's time, except perhaps the steeple and pews; the flag-stones in the interior are worn deep with the pacing of many generations. The steeple is visible from several miles distance; a sharp high spire, piercing far up from amid the willow-trees. The country hereabouts has all a clammy look, clayey and boggy; the produce of it, whether bushes and trees, or grass and crops, gives you the notion of something lazy, dropical, gross.—This is St. Ives, a most ancient cattle-market by the shores of the sable Ouse, on the edge of the Fen-country; where, among other things that happened, Oliver Cromwell passed five years of his existence as a farmer and grazier. Who the primitive *Ives* himself was, remains problematic; Camden says he was 'Ivo a Persian';—surely far out of his road here. The better authorities designate him as Ives, or Yves, a worthy Frenchman, Bishop of Chartres in the time of our Henry Beauclerk.

"Oliver, as we observed, has left hardly any memorial of himself at St. Ives. The ground he farmed is still partly capable of being specified, certain records or leases being still in existence.

It lies at the lower or south-east end of the town; a stagnant flat tract of land, extending between the houses or rather kitchen-gardens of St. Ives in that quarter, and the banks of the river, which, very tortuous always, has made a new bend here. If well drained, this land looks as if it would produce abundant grass, but naturally it must be little other than a bog. Tall bushy ranges of willow-trees and the like, at present, divide it into fields; the river, not visible till you are close on it, bounding them all to the south. At the top of the fields next to the town is an ancient massive barn, still used as such; the people call it 'Cromwell's Barn';—and nobody can prove that it was not his! It was evidently some ancient man's or series of ancient men's."

"In fact, there is, as it were, nothing whatever that still decisively to every eye attests his existence at St. Ives, except the following old letter, accidentally preserved among the Harley Manuscripts in the British Museum. Noble, writing in 1787, says the old branding-irons, 'O. C.,' for marking sheep, were still used by some farmer there; but these also, many years ago, are gone. In the parish records of St. Ives, Oliver appears twice among some other ten or twelve respectable rate-payers; appointing, in 1633 and 1634, for 'St. Ives cum Slepa' fit annual overseers for the 'Highway and Green';—one of the Oliver signatures is now cut out. Fifty years ago, a vague old townclerk had heard from very vague old persons, that Mr. Cromwell had been seen attending divine service in the church, with 'a piece of red flannel round his neck, being subject to inflammation.' Certain letters, 'written in a very kind style, from Oliver Lord Protector to persons in St. Ives,' do not now exist; probably never did. Swords 'bearing the initials of O. C.,' swords sent down in the beginning of 1642, when war was now imminent, and weapons were yet scarce—do any such still exist? Noble says they were numerous in 1787; but nobody is bound to believe him."

These reflections follow the introduction of the death-warrant against Charles; a "stern document," says Mr. Carlyle, "not specifically of Oliver's composition, but expressing in every letter of it the conviction of Oliver's heart, in this, one of his most important appearances on the stage of earthly life."

"*Ipsis molossis ferociore*, More savage than their own mastiffs!" shrieks Saumaise; shrieks all the world, in unmelodious soul-confusing diapason of distraction—happily at length grown very faint in our day. The truth is, no modern reader can conceive the then atrocity, ferocity, unspeakability of this fact. First, after long reading in the old dead pamphlets does one see the magnitude of it. To be equalled, nay to be preferred think some, in point of horror, to 'the Crucifixion of Christ.' Alas, in these irreverent times of ours, if all the kings of Europe were to be cut in pieces at one swoop, and flung in heaps in St. Margaret's Churchyard on the same day, the emotion would, in strict arithmetical truth, be small in comparison! We know it not, this atrocity of the English Regicides; shall never know it. I reckon it perhaps the most daring action any Body of Men to be met with in History ever, with clear consciousness, deliberately set themselves to do. Dread Phantoms, glaring supernal on you—when once they are quelled and their light snuffed out, none knows the terror of the Phantom! The Phantom is a

poor paper lantern with a candle-end in it, which any whistler dare now beard.

"A certain queen in some South-Sea Island, I have read in missionary books, had been converted to Christianity; did not any longer believe in the old gods. She assembled her people; said to them, 'My faithful people, the gods do *not* dwell in that burning-mountain in the centre of our isle. That is not God; no, that is a common burning-mountain—mere culinary fire burning under peculiar circumstances. See, I will walk before you to that burning-mountain; will empty my wash-bowl into it, cast my slipper over it, defy it to the uttermost, and stand the consequences!'—She walked accordingly, this South-Sea heroine, nerved to the sticking-place; her people following in pale horror and expectancy; she did her experiment;—and, I am told, they have truer notions of the gods in that island ever since! Experiment which it is now very easy to repeat, and very needless. Honor to the Brave who deliver us from Phantom-dynasties, in South-Sea Islands and in North!"

"This action of the English Regicides did in effect strike a damp like death through the heart of Flunkeyism universally in this world. Whereof Flunkeyism, Cant, and Cloth-worship, or whatever ugly name it have, has gone about incurably sick ever since; and is now at length, in these generations, very rapidly dying. The like of which action will not be needed for a thousand years again. Needed, alas!—not till a new genuine Hero-worship has arisen, has perfected itself; and had time to degenerate into a Flunkeyism and Cloth-worship again! Which I take to be a very long date indeed.

"Thus ends the Second Civil War. In Regicide, in a Commonwealth and Keepers of the Liberties of England. In punishment of Delinquents, in abolition of Cobwebs;—if it be possible, in a Government of Heroism and Veracity: at lowest, of Anti-Flunkeyism, Anti-Cant, and the endeavor after Heroism and Veracity."

THE INSANE.—Much as has been written on the kind treatment of the insane, we have never, until recently, seen an attempt made to explain the principle upon which this system is based. In a publication before us, Dr. Forbes Winslow, a gentleman well known for his numerous contributions to psychological science, has given, as we think, a satisfactory *rationale* of the kind treatment of those unhappily afflicted with alienation of mind. Dr. Winslow observes—"Considerable experience in the treatment of disorders of the mind has convinced me of the possibility (even in cases apparently hopeless) of effecting a restoration to health by a judicious use of means tending to awaken former impressions, to dispel unfounded notions, to rouse the dormant feelings, and thus

'To sweep the furrow'd lines of anxious thought away.'

It is too generally believed that any appeal to the mind in these cases, or any attempt to reason with the patient, with the view of directing the train of thought into a healthy channel, is vain and nugatory. Cases could be adduced to establish the importance of assiduously endeavoring to abstract the mind from its morbid associations. Whatever may be the degree and character of the mental derangement, those so affected are more or less susceptible of acts of kindness and humanity. The intellect may be disordered, delusions of a

painful character take possession of the imagination, yet the feelings may remain unchanged; and although the unhappy sufferer has not sufficient command over the higher faculties of the mind to enable him to give a rational or consecutive exposition of his sensations, he nevertheless feels, and that often acutely, any acts of severity, harshness, and coercion, practised towards him. Even should the feelings participate in the deranged condition of the intellect, yet by the constant exhibition of sympathy, by the exercise of unwearied tenderness, a chord may be touched that may have the effect of restoring to a healthy balance the reasoning faculties. The mind, by the circumstance of its being diseased, is made morbidly sensitive to all physical and moral impressions, and even a look—a trifling expression—often a slight approach to unkindness, will produce the most grating and injurious effect upon the disordered imagination." Happy would it be for mankind if all those to whose care are intrusted the insane acted upon these enlarged, liberal, humane, and philanthropic principles!

COURTLY LINGO.—The *Morning Post* has a most incomprehensible way of expressing itself. It says:

"We have great satisfaction in being enabled to announce that an event calculated to strengthen the affectionate attachment of the people to the throne, and at the same time increase the happiness of her majesty's domestic circle, may be expected to take place early in April next."

Here is a Christmas puzzle. What event can it possibly be which is likely to strengthen the attachment of the people to the throne? You may boil water forever without raising its temperature, and so it is with the attachment to the throne, which having long ago attained the boiling pitch, cannot be increased in fervidness. The people already love the queen with all their might and with all their main, and what more can they do?

The *Post* should, as Molière recommends, humanize its language.

Such an announcement as this would be intelligible—"We have great satisfaction (why? Heaven only knows) in being enabled to announce that an event calculated to augment the public charges is expected," &c. &c. Now everybody knows how fond John Bull is of paying for establishments, and would therefore guess at once at the happy addition about to be made.

But the public who are promised an event calculated to strengthen the attachment of the people to the throne may suppose that it is the repeal of the corn laws, or that her majesty is about to wring the duke's neck with her own fair hands.—*Examiner*.

THE DIAMOND MINE.—The Frankfort Journal has an extract of a letter from Rio, giving some curious details of the diamond mines recently discovered in Brazil:—"Hatsfull of the stones have been picked up and brought away. Two thirds of them are of a yellowish tinge, and do not possess the usual hardness of the diamond, but many of them are very fine. The house of Bomfim & Resheslear, the largest diamond merchants at Rio Janeiro, at first threw doubts on the reality of this discovery of the mine, but notwithstanding this every one who has diamonds on hand is endeavoring to sell, fearing a great reduction in the value. The country of the new mines is thickly populated, but the people are mostly very poor."

From the Quarterly Review.

The Lives of the Lord Chancellors and Keepers of the Great Seal of England, from the Earliest Times till the Reign of George IV. The First Series in three volumes. By JOHN, LORD CAMPBELL, A.M., F.R.S.E. 8vo. London, 1845.

WE have before us only three volumes of Lord Campbell's work, and these bring us no lower than the Revolution of 1688. He announces his intention of continuing it down to the reign of George IV.; and under such circumstances we do not propose at present to enter on any serious discussion of his lordship's views, as yet hinted rather than expressed, of the highest judicial office in this country, either as it has been or as it should be regulated. It is sufficient for us to thank him for the honest industry with which he has thus far prosecuted his large task, the general candor and liberality with which he has analyzed the lives and characters of a long succession of influential magistrates and ministers, and the manly style of his narrative, often diversified with happy description and instructive reflection, and but rarely blemished by silliness of sentiment or finery of phrase. We well know that the majority of our readers would be less thankful to us for any disquisition, legal or political, of our own, than for a selection of specimens and anecdotes, sufficient to convey some notion at least of the variety and interest of the author's researches and lucubrations; and we fairly confess, too, that on closing the volumes we feel an additional motive to this course. We opened them with comparatively limited anticipations; and are willing to offer what seems the least ambiguous apology in our power.

It was reserved for the antiquarian explorers of our own time, and more especially for the acutest and profoundest of their number, Sir Francis Palgrave, to elucidate with any approach to distinctness the real origin of the Court of Chancery, and the position and functions of the chancellor in the Anglo-Saxon and early Anglo-Norman periods. Lord Campbell has not added to the aggregate of their deductions, but he has arranged and classified them with skill; and the unprofessional reader will probably be obliged to this work for his first clear notion of that antique system of things under which the chief priest of the royal chapel was *ex officio* the confessor of the sovereign, "the keeper of the king's conscience;" and also, and as naturally, his chief secretary, intrusted with the Great Seal, the *clavis regni*, by which communications to foreign powers, or orders commanding particular courts or officers to attend to the cases of subjects who had petitioned the throne as the source of justice, were alike authenticated. The chancellor had a place from the first in the *Aula Regia*, but his place there was a subordinate one until the abolition of the office of Great Justiciary: and even after that event, the importance and dignity of the *custos* of the Great Seal appear to have grown by not rapid steps, and to have reached their ultimate point solely in consequence of the commanding personal characters of some two or three among the Anglo-Norman churchmen who sat on "the Marble Chair over against the middle of the Marble Table," at the upper end of Westminster Hall—which chair and table were still extant in the days of Dugdale. The inferior clergymen of the chapel royal assisted the chief priest in all his various departments of duty, and it was with a

view to the proper reward and advancement of these sub-chaplains, under-secretaries of state, and *masters in chancery*, that the *conscience-keeper* was originally intrusted with the ecclesiastical patronage which still attaches to his office. He himself was considered as entitled, when he had filled the marble chair for some space, to be promoted to the mitre; in the majority of cases, however, he was already a bishop, in not a few an archbishop, before he became chancellor; and the office of papal legate was frequently superadded to all these weighty burdens.

The earliest recorded chancellor, Augmentus, is supposed to have been one of the Italian priests who accompanied Augustine on his mission to the court of Ethelbert. The fourth after him, and the earliest of whose personal history we have any precise information was Swithin, ordained priest in A. D. 830, and selected by King Egbert for chaplain to himself, and tutor to his son Ethelwulf. In the reign of the latter he was at once chancellor and prime minister, and Bishop of Winchester, and (highest of all his distinctions) intrusted with the education of Alfred. Swithin is said to have given Alfred his taste for the poetry of the Scalds; and as he accompanied the prince on his pilgrimage to Rome, the seventeenth Bishop of Winchester may be supposed to have had some pretensions also to classical learning. About fifty years after his death he was canonized by the papal see, in grateful remembrance, no doubt, of his having established in England the payment of "Peter's pence." St. Swithin too has the credit of having procured the first act of the Wittenagemot for enforcing universal payment of tithes; which circumstance may possibly account for the place he still occupies in our calendar. He died July 15th, A. D. 862; and his parting command was that he should be buried in the churchyard of Winchester, "*ubi cadaver et pedibus prætereuntium et stillidii ex cælo rorantibus esset obnoxium*;" but upon his canonization it was thought proper to remove the relics to the high altar of his cathedral, and this violation of his injunctions was only averted by the direct interference of the saint, who sent down a deluge of rain that lasted for forty days, and which, as we are all aware, is still repeated as often as the 15th of July is a wet day; whereas if St. Swithin's day be a fair one, we are sure of thirty-nine fine days more to succeed it.

Lord Campbell has been able to discover only one decision of Lord Chancellor Swithin's. The line was not as yet accurately drawn between equity and common law cases, for an old woman approached this high magistrate with a complaint, that on her way to market that morning a certain rude peasant had shoved her about, inasmuch that every egg in her basket was broken. The right reverend holder of the Great Seal, instead of sending the case to a jury, was pleased to proceed in a summary manner—"damnum suspirat, misericordiâ mentis eunantem miraculum excitat, statimque porrecto signo crucis fracturam omnium ovorum consolidat." The reporter is William of Malmesbury (242;) but we shall no doubt have more about the miraculous reconsolidation of the plaintiff's eggs in some early number of the "*Lives of the English Saints*."

Chancellor Swithin was a man of peace; but for several centuries after him we find his office held, with rare exceptions, by eminent churchmen, who were also, whenever occasion tempted, efficient leaders of armed men, not a few of them distin-

guished by personal acts of prowess in siege or battle. One of the most redoubted soldiers that ever rose to the marble chair was Lord Chancellor Thomas à Becket; but the noblest combination of military and legal renown was exhibited in the person of Ranulphus de Glanville, who as Great Justiciary of England overshadowed all that immediately followed à Becket as keepers of the Great Seal—for this magistrate not only commanded in chief when a king of Scotland was taken prisoner, but wrote a book on the laws and constitution of England, which must still be studied by all who would acquire a critical knowledge of them as they stood in the first century after the conquest, before they were modified by the Magna Charta of King John. Lord Coke sums up his enthusiastic eulogy of Glanville in these words: "*vir præclarissimus genere, qui provectiore ætate ad terram sanctam properavit, et ibidem contra inimicos crucis Christi strenuissime usque ad mortem dimicavit.*"

One of the chancellors whom this really great lawyer and great man overshadowed was Geoffrey Plantagenet, natural son of Henry II. by Fair Rosamond, who was placed in the see of Lincoln while in the twentieth year of his age, and held it for seven years, during which he served gallantly in the wars at the head of 140 knights from his bishopric, but never would take holy orders, and the pope insisting on this point, at last resigned his mitre rather than comply. To console and compensate him for the loss of Lincoln, his father made Geoffrey Chancellor. It was not till long afterwards that he laid aside his aversion to the priestly vows, and became in a regular manner Archbishop of York, in which dignity he died.

Another noticeable chancellor of that age was Walter de Gray—honourably noticeable as having resigned his office rather than affix the Great Seal to the shameful deed by which John resigned his kingdom to the pope—noticeable also as having been afterwards, when recommended for the mitre of York, strenuously objected to by the chapter as "*minus sufficiens in literaturâ.*" The pope being appealed to, resisted also on the ground of the ex-chancellor's "*crassa ignorantia,*" which the ex-chancellor seems to have admitted, pleading as a set-off nothing more than "*virgin chastity*" and other virtues, which would not apparently have overcome the hesitation of the holy father, unless De Gray had superadded a present of 1000*l.*—equal to not much less than 100,000*l.* now! It should be added, that this archbishop lived afterwards a life of extreme mortification, and purchased by his savings, and bequeathed to his see, the manor and palace of Bishop Thorpe, where his successors still hold their provincial state, and York Place in Westminster, which they in like manner occupied till Wolsey resigned it to Henry VIII., when it was new-named Whitehall.

Among all these clerical chancellors we think there occurs but one who did not ultimately reach the mitre. This was John Maunsel, (A. D. 1246,) who while holding the Great Seal became Provost of Beverley, his highest church preferment—but not his only one. This personage, according to Matthew Paris, held at once 700 livings. He had, Lord Campbell presumes, presented himself to all that fell vacant, and were in the gift of the crown, while he was chancellor. The greatest pluralist on record thought himself nevertheless an ill-used chancellor—and with some reason too, for it was during his occupancy of the marble chair that a

king of England (since the conquest) first practised the dispensing power—and it was he who introduced the *non obstante* clause into grants and patents.

In the reign of Henry III. we have the agreeable variety of a *Lady Keeper*. In 1253 the king, proceeding to Gascony, committed the great seal, with all the usual formalities, to his queen, Eleanor of Provence, and though the sealing of writs and common instruments was left to Kilkenny, Archdeacon of Coventry, her grace executed in person the more important duties of her new office. This judge began her sittings on the nativity of the virgin, and continued them regularly till the 25th of November, when the court was interrupted by her *accouchement*. "The lady keeper had a favorable recovery, and being churched, resumed her place in the *Aula Regia.*"

"Soon after the accession of Edward I. to the crown, she renounced the world and retired to the monastery of Ambresbury, where, in the year 1284, she actually took the veil. She had the satisfaction of hearing of the brilliant career of her son, and she died in 1292, when he was at the height of his glory, having subdued Wales, pacified Ireland, reduced Scotland to feudal subjection, and made England more prosperous and happy than at any former period.

"Although the temper and haughty demeanor of Eleanor were very freely censured in her own time, I believe no imputation was cast upon her virtue till the usurper Henry IV., assuming to be the right heir of Edmund her second son, found it convenient to question the legitimacy of Edward her first-born, and to represent him as the fruit of an adulterous intercourse between her and the Earl Marshal. Then was written the popular ballad representing her as confessing her frailty to the king her husband, who, in the garb of a friar of France, has come to shrive her in her sickness, accompanied by the Earl Marshal in the same disguise.

Oh, do you see yon fair-haired boy
That's playing with the ball?
He is, he is the Earl Marshal's son,
And I love him the best of all.

Oh, do you see yon pale-faced boy
That's catching at the ball?
He is King Henry's only son,
And I love him the least of all.

But she was a very different person from her successor, Isabella of France, queen of Edward II., and there is no reason to doubt that she was ever a faithful wife and a loving mother to all her children.

"Although none of her judicial decisions, while she held the great seal, have been transmitted to us, we have very full and accurate information respecting her person, her career, and her character, for which we are chiefly indebted to Matthew Paris, who often dined at table with her and her husband, and composed his history of those times with their privacy and assistance."—vol. i., p. 144.

Queen Eleanor (down to this time the only lady keeper) was succeeded by Archdeacon Kilkenny, who had acted under her as a sort of vice-chancellor. He is celebrated only for having been a remarkably handsome man, and for having drawn up Henry the Third's answers to a remonstrance from certain heads of the church respecting alleged encroachments by the crown on their order. The royal response was in these words:—

"It is true I have been faulty in this particular: I obtruded you, my Lord of Canterbury, on your see: I was obliged to employ both entreaties and menaces, my Lord of Winchester, to have you elected. My proceedings, I confess, were very irregular, my Lords of Salisbury and Carlisle, when I raised you from the lowest stations to your present dignities. I am determined henceforth to correct these abuses; and it will also become you, in order to make a thorough reformation, to resign your present benefices, and try again to become successors of the apostles in a more regular and canonical manner."—vol. i., p. 145.

One of Edward the First's chancellors, William de Grenfeld or de Grenvill, (a younger son of the family now represented by the Duke of Buckingham,) was on the 4th of December, 1303, elected Archbishop of York; but the papal legate obstinately objecting to him, he resigned the seal and proceeded to Rome in person with a purse of 9500 marks, which smoothed all difficulties. The rapidity of his proceedings, attested in the clearest manner, may well astonish us. He delivered the great seal to the king at Westminster on the 29th of December, 1304, and was, on his return from Rome, consecrated at Lambeth on the 30th of the ensuing month of January. But a few years ago this would have been thought laudable speed in a cabinet courier. We must conjecture that the ex-chancellor took shipping at Marseilles for Civit  Vecchia, and returning in the same way had the extraordinary luck of a propitious gale both times. But indeed we have not a few wonderful journeys on record in those *slow* ages. Perhaps the most wonderful of all is Longshank's own ride across the Highlands from Elgin to Glasgow, recorded in his very curious Itinerary, lately published by the Maitland Club. It is perplexing to read after these things, that though Edward I. died near Carlisle on the 7th of July, 1307, the news of the royal demise did not reach the chancellor (Baldock) in London until the 25th of that month. The new king must have had his reasons for deferring the official announcement of his accession. The great seal was received by him at Carlisle on the 2d of August, and Baldock never was chancellor again.

Among the conscience-keepers of Edward III. Lord Campbell dwells with peculiar fondness on the father of English Bibliomania, lord chancellor Richard de Bury, Bishop of Durham, and author of the once famous *Philobiblon*, which includes his autobiography. He had been tutor to Edward, and to him may be traced the love of literature and the arts which distinguished his pupil when on the throne.

"An extract from chapter viii., entitled 'Of the numerous Opportunities of the Author for collecting Books from all Quarters,' may bring some suspicion upon his judicial purity; but the open avowal of the manner in which his library was accumulated proves that he had done nothing that would not be sanctioned by the public opinion of the age:—

"While we performed the duties of chancellor of the most invincible and ever magnificently triumphant King of England, Edward III., (whose days may the Most High long and tranquilly deign to preserve!) after first inquiring into the things that concerned his court, and then the public affairs of his kingdom, an easy opening was afforded us, under the countenance of royal favor, for freely searching the hiding-places of books. For the flying fame of our love had already spread in all

directions, and it was reported not only that we had a longing desire for books, and especially for old ones, but that anybody could more easily obtain our favor by quartos than by money. Wherefore when, supported by the bounty of the aforesaid prince of worthy memory, we were enabled to oppose or advance, to appoint or discharge; crazy quartos and tottering folios, precious however in our sight as well as in our affections, flowed in most rapidly from the great and the small, instead of new year's gifts and jewels. Then the cabinets of the most noble monasteries were opened; cases were unlocked; caskets unclasped; astonished volumes which had slumbered for long ages in their sepulchres were roused up, and those that lay hid in dark places were overwhelmed with the rays of a new light. Books heretofore most delicate, now become corrupted and nauseous, lay lifeless, covered indeed with the excrements of mice, and pierced through with the gnawing of worms; and those that were formerly clothed with purple and fine linen, were now seen reposing in dust and ashes, given over to oblivion, the abodes of moths. Amongst these, nevertheless, as time served, we sat down more voluptuously than the delicate physician could do amidst his stores of aromatics; and where we found an object of love, we found also full enjoyment. Thus the sacred vessels of science came into our power—some being given, some sold, and not a few lent for a time.*

"In addition to this, we were charged with the frequent embassies of the said prince, of everlasting memory, and, owing to the multiplicity of state affairs, were sent first to the Roman chair, then to the court of France, then to various other kingdoms of the world, on tedious embassies and in perilous times, carrying about with us, however, that fondness for books which many waters could not extinguish; for this, like a certain drug, sweetened the wormwood of peregrination; this, after the perplexing intricacies, scrupulous circumlocutions of debate, and almost inextricable labyrinths of public business, left an opening for a little while to breathe the temperature of a milder atmosphere. O blessed God of gods in Sion! what a rush of the flood of pleasure rejoiced our heart as often as we visited Paris, the paradise of the world! There we longed to remain, where, on account of the greatness of our love, the days ever appeared to us to be few. In that city are delightful libraries in cells redolent of aromatics; there flourishing green-houses of all sorts of volumes; there academic meads trembling with the earthquake of Athenian peripatetics pacing up and down; there the promontories of Parnassus, and the porticos of the Stoics. There, in very deed, with an open treasury and untied purse-strings, we scattered money with a light heart, and redeemed inestimable books from dirt and dust."

This right reverend enthusiast is nowhere more entertaining than in describing and reproaching the ill-usage to which the clasped books of his time were liable:

"You will perhaps see a stiff-necked youth lounging sluggishly in his study: while the frost

* "A modern deceased Lord Chancellor was said to have collected a very complete law library by borrowing books from the bar, which he forgot to return. If so, he only acted on the maxims of his predecessor De Bury:—

Quisquis theologus, quisquis legista peritus

Vis fieri; multos semper habeto libros.

Non in mente manet quicquid non vidimus ipsi;

Quisque sibi libros vindicet ergo—avos."—p. 151.

pinches him in winter time, oppressed with cold, his watery nose drops,—nor does he take the trouble to wipe it with his handkerchief till it has moistened the book beneath with its vile dew. For such a one I would substitute a cobbler's apron in the place of his book. He distributes innumerable straws in various places, with the ends in sight, that he may recall by the mark what his memory cannot retain. These straws, which the stomach of the book never digests, and which nobody takes out, at first distend the book from its accustomed closure, and being carelessly left to oblivion, at last become putrid. He is not ashamed to eat fruit and cheese over an open book, and to transfer his empty cup from side to side upon it; and because he has not his alms-bag at hand, he leaves the rest of the fragments in his books. He never ceases to chatter with eternal garrulity to his companions; and while he adduces a multitude of reasons void of meaning, he waters the book, spread out upon his lap, with the sputtering of his saliva. What is worse, he next reclines with his elbows on the book, and by a short study invites a long nap; and by way of repairing the wrinkles, he twists back the margins of the leaves, to the no small detriment of the volume. He goes out in the rain, and returns, and now flowers make their appearance upon our soil. Then the scholar we are describing, the neglecter rather than the inspector of books, stuffs his volume with firstling violets, roses, and quadri-foils. He will next apply his wet hands, oozing with sweat, to turning over the volumes, then beat the white parchment all over with his dusty gloves, or hunt over the page, line by line, with his forefinger covered with dirty leather. Then, as the flea bites, the holy book is thrown aside, which, however, is scarcely closed once in a month, and is so swelled with the dust that has fallen into it, that it will not yield to the efforts of the closer.*

"Like a bishop and an ex-chancellor, he properly concludes by supporting his doctrine with the highest authorities. 'The most meek Moses instructs us about making cases for books in the neatest manner, wherein they may be safely preserved from all damage. *Take this book, says he, and put it in the side of the ark of the covenant of the Lord your God.* O befitting place, made of imperishable Shittim wood, and covered all over, inside and out, with gold! But our Saviour also, by his own example, precludes all unseemly negligence in the treatment of books, as may be read in Luke iv. For when he had read over the scriptural prophecy written about himself, in a book delivered to him, he did not return it till he had first closed it with his most holy hands; by which act students are most clearly taught that they ought not, in the smallest degree whatever, to be negligent about the custody of books.'"

"He died at Bishops Auckland on the 14th of April, 1345, full of years and of honors. Fourteen days after his death he was buried '*quodammodo honorifice, non tamen cum honore satis congruo,*' says Chabre, before the altar of the blessed Mary Magdalene, in his own cathedral. But the exalted situation he occupied in the opinion and esteem of Petrarch and other eminent literary men of the fourteenth century, shed brighter lustre on his memory than it could have derived from funeral processions, or from monuments and epitaphs."—Vol. i., pp. 225—227.

The clerical chancellors of those old times

*Luke iv. 20. "And he closed the book, and he gave it again to the minister, and sat down."

were, with some exceptions, men well skilled in the civil and canon law, who had commenced as advocates before the ecclesiastical courts, and generally had been employed under previous holders of the great seal. By the time of Edward III., the common lawyers, usually laymen, had become a body of some importance: but that king, who first committed the great seal to a layman, did not commence his grand innovation by a selection from the common law bar. The first lay chancellor was Sir Robert Bourchier, one of the most eminent soldiers of a most warlike age, and when Edward resolved to put down the ascendancy of the ecclesiastics, by *inter alia* depriving them of the marble chair, he appears to have considered nothing but the shrewdness and energy of this stout knight, who might be relied on for boldly confronting the opposition of the lords spiritual, but who had been in nowise educated for judicial functions, had been "armed" since boyhood, and accompanied the king in all his military expeditions. Bourchier accordingly signalized a brief chancellorship by some most illegal proceedings, and becoming in consequence extremely unpopular, was very glad to resume his proper vocation at the commencement of the campaign of Cressy. He fought gallantly by the side of the Black Prince, and was rewarded by a peerage, which he transmitted to a line of illustrious heirs. His successor in the marble chair was the first regularly bred common lawyer who became chancellor of England—Sir Robert Parnynge, who had been for some time chief justice of the king's bench with high reputation, and then lord treasurer, but who never rose to the peerage.

"The equitable jurisdiction of chancery had gradually extended itself, and to the duties of his own court the new chancellor sedulously devoted himself. But he thought, as did Lord Eldon and the most celebrated of his successors, that the best qualification for an equity judge is not the mere drudgery of drawing bills and answers, but a scientific knowledge of the common law; and he further thought it essential that his knowledge of the common law should be steadily kept up by him when chancellor. 'This man,' says Lord Coke, 'knowing that he who knew not the common law could never well judge in equity, (which is a just correction of law in some cases,) did usually sit in the Court of Common Pleas, (which court is the lock and key of the common law,) and heard matters in law there debated, and many times would argue himself, as in the Report, 17 Ed. 3, it appears.'

"There was only one parliament held while Parnynge was chancellor, in which he presided with dignity, although the inconvenience was felt of the speaker not being a member of the house of peers. The commons, not from any dissatisfaction with him, but rather, I presume, with a view that he might be raised to the peerage, petitioned the king, 'that the chancellor may be a peer of the realm, and that no stranger be appointed thereunto, and that he attend not to any other office.' Edward, much nettled, chose to consider this a wanton interference with his prerogative, and returned for answer, '*Le Roi poet faire ses ministres come lui plaira, et come lui et ses ancestres ont fait en tut temps passez.*' On the 26th of August, 1343, he suddenly died while enjoying the full favor of his prince and the entire confidence of his fellow-subjects.

"I cannot find any trace of his decisions while

chancellor; but we know that he is to be honored as the first person who held the office with the requisite qualifications for the proper discharge of its important duties, and he must have laid the foundation-stone of that temple to justice, afterwards reared in such fair proportions by an Ellesmere, a Nottingham, and a Hardwicke."—Vol. i., p. 244.

Edward III., to gratify the commons at a critical moment, elevated to the marble chair one other eminent layman and common lawyer—Sir Robert Thorpe; but in general during his long reign and for many reigns afterwards, the chancellors were, according to the primitive fashion, churchmen. Edyngton, (A. D. 1356,) was chancellor and bishop of Winchester. He might have been primate had he pleased, but told the king that "though Canterbury had the higher rack, Winchester had the larger manger," and his three successors in the mitre of Winchester, (William of Wykeham, Cardinal Beaufort, and Waynesflete,) were all likewise chancellors. These four chancellors held that manger for more than one hundred and fifty years!

Between Edyngton and Wykeham intervened the four years, (1363–7,) of Simon Langham, a monk, whose soft oily voice charmed every congregation, while his reputation for piety procured him much resort as a confessor, and who "is one of the few instances of the regular clergy attaining to great eminence in England." His penitents among the ladies pushed him on; but Edward III. detected under that cowl an able statesman, and the monk renowned for prayer and penance emerged by and bye as the most elegant and fascinating of courtiers—abbot of Westminster, treasurer of England, bishop of Ely—at last Lord chancellor and archbishop of Canterbury. But by that time his popularity, as an ecclesiastic at least, had waned—witness the contemporary pasquinade:—

"*Lætantur celi quia Simon transit ab Ely;*

Cujus in adventum fient in Kent millia centum."

He became a cardinal, and, having accumulated vast wealth, aspired to the popedom. He resigned the seal in order that he might reside for a time at Avignon and canvas his brethren of the purple, but was cut off by paralysis in the midst of his ambitious projects, bequeathing large estates to the abbey of Westminster, and remembered in his capacity of chancellor only, or chiefly, as having greatly increased the fees of his court.

On the illustrious career of his immediate successor, we need not dwell at present. Lord Campbell has given us a very excellent chapter on William of Wykeham; but though we are not disposed to quarrel with an effusion of kindly personal feeling, we must say we think the noble and learned author produces rather an unfriendly effect by his closing note, to wit:—

"The bull of Pope Urbanus VI. for founding Winchester school was granted 1st June, 1378. I have a great kindness for the memory of William of Wickham, when I think of his having produced such Wickhamists as my friends Baron Rolfe and Professor Empson.

"*Hactenus ire libet, tu major laudibus istis
Suscipe conatus, Wicame Dive, meos.*"

Vol. i., p. 295.

Mr. Baron Rolfe and Professor Empson are, as we all know, very accomplished persons; but to

specify them as the marking glories of Winchester is surely somewhat premature. On the other hand, we think there is an unfair harshness and contemptuousness in Lord Campbell's language concerning the last chancellor of Richard the Second:—

"John Searle, who had nominally been chancellor to Richard II., and presided on the woolsack as a tool of Archbishop Arundel, was for a short time continued in the office by the new sovereign.

"Little is known respecting his origin or prior history. He is supposed to have been a mere clerk in the chancery brought forward for a temporary purpose to play the part of chancellor. Having strutted and fretted his hour upon the stage, he was heard of no more. It proved convenient for the Staffords, the Beauforts, and the Arundels, that he should be thus suddenly elevated and depressed.

"Had he been a prelate, we should have traced him in the chronicles of his diocese, but we have no means of discovering the retreat of a layman unconnected with any considerable family, and of no personal eminence. He was probably fed in the buttery of some of the great barons whom he had served, hardly distinguished while he lived or when he died from their other idle retainers. He may enjoy the celebrity of being the most inconsiderable man who ever held the office of chancellor in England."—Vol. i., pp. 307, 308.

It is true that John Searle fills but a small space in the history of the office; but what is there known of him to his disadvantage except that he was a man without dignified connexions, promoted to the high rank of chancellor for the purposes of a party, and dismissed from it as soon as a contemplated change of government had been effected? Might not every word of this grievous indictment be applied with equal propriety to John Campbell? Was it poor John Searle's fault that in his day there were neither peerages nor retiring pensions for chancellors either of England or Ireland? For the rest, the "Buttery Hatch" theory is a mere spurt of Lord Campbell's spleen.*

With far different courtesy does Lord Campbell treat a chancellor who, however respectable for learning, was undoubtedly a partaker in transactions still more questionable than those with which Searle's name is connected—the chancellor who presided in parliament throughout all the stages of the usurpation of Richard III. It is true that after Richard was seated on the throne he endeavored to conciliate popular favor by some excellent legislative measures; and it is probable that such measures, for such purpose desirable to the tyrant, were devised by the same accommodating chancellor who had drawn the bill for bastardizing the children of Edward IV. But who does not smile to read—

"I will fondly believe, though I can produce no direct evidence to prove the fact, that to 'JOHN RUSSELL' the nation was indebted for the act entitled—'The Subjects of this Realm not to be charged with Benevolence,' the object of which was to put down the practice introduced in some late reigns of levying taxes under the name of 'benevolence,' without the authority of parliament. The language employed would not be unworthy of that great

* In the times of Chancellor Searle it appears incidentally that the house of commons usually met for dispatch of business at seven in the morning—the house of lords at nine.—Vol. i., p. 318.

statesman bearing the same name, who in our own time framed and introduced bills 'to abolish the Test Act,' and 'to reform the representation of the people in parliament.'"—p. 404.

Who does not see that the whole charm is in the name!—that the true object of Lord Campbell is to puff the author of the Reform Bill!—that with this view alone has Lord Campbell expended seven pages on a chancellor of the 15th century, so "inconsiderable" that, as the biographer states, he has "not been mentioned by modern historians"—adding, "I consider him as one of the *chancellarian mummies* I have dug up and exhibited to the public," (p. 407.) And yet, after all, Lord Campbell is obliged to admit that there exists not only no evidence but no tradition for connecting this John Russell in any way whatever with the blood of the Bedfords. He says, "he was *most likely* of the Bedford family, who, having held a respectable but not brilliant position in the west of England since the conquest, were now rising into eminence," (p. 401,) and suggests that Mr. Wiffen passes him *sub silentio* in his laborious *History of the House of Russell*, "perhaps from a shyness to acknowledge him on account of his connexion with Richard III."—a suggestion the compliment of which we leave to be decided between Friend Wiffen and his as well as Lord Campbell's idol, Lord John.

We must, we suspect, ascribe to the popularity-hunting craft of Richard and his "JOHN RUSSELL," the fact that the first statute of his reign was the first statute drawn in the English tongue. Although as early as 1362 Chancellor Edyngton carried through parliament a bill, by which it was enacted that all pleadings and judgments in the courts of Westminster should for the future be in English, whereas they had been in French ever since the conquest; as also that all schoolmasters should thenceforth teach their pupils to construe in English, and not in French; the change—in the legal department at least—was long and successfully resisted. The practitioners obstinately adhered to their old dialect in reports, treatises, and abridgments. Under the commonwealth an act was passed for the use of the English language "in all legal records," (iii. 90 :) but this seemed to many a more dangerous innovation than the abolition of the house of lords or the regal office; and Whitelock, who introduced the measure, would not have carried it in opposition to his brothers of the long robe, had he not enlisted on his side the more pious out of the profession, by showing that Moses drew up the laws of the Jews in their own vernacular Hebrew, and not either in the Chinese tongue or the Egyptian. The Restoration brought back French to our reports, and Latin to our law records, which continued till the reign of George II.; and if we would find anything in the Digest of Chief Baron Comyn about *Highways*, or *Tithes*, or *Husband and Wife*, we must refer to the titles *Chemin*, *Dismes*, and *Baron et Femme*. Acts of parliament we have seen, continued to be framed in French until Richard III.—in whose time also they were first printed. But even to this day French is employed by the branches of the legislature in their intercourse with each other.

"Not only is the royal assent given to bills by the words '*La Reyne le voet*,' but when either house passes a bill there is an indorsement written upon it, '*Soit baillé aux Seigneurs*,' or '*aux Communes*;' and at the beginning of every parliament the lords make an entry in their journals in French, of the appointment of the receivers and triers of pe-

titions, not only for England, but for *Gascony*. E. g.: Extract from Lords' Journals, 24th August, 1841:—

"*Les Receveurs des Petitions de Gascoigne et des autres terres et pays de par la mer et des isles:—Le Baron Abinger, Chief Baron de l'Exchequer de la Reyne; Messire James Parke, Chevalier; Messire John Edmund Dowdeswell, Ecuyer. Et ceux qui veulent delivrer leur Petitions les baillent dedans six jours prochainement ensuivant.*

"*Les Triours des Petitions de Gascoigne et des autres terres et pays de par la mer et des isles:—Le Duc de Somerset; le Marquis d'Anglesey; le Count de Tankerville; le Viscount Torrington; le Baron Campbell. Tout eux ensemble, ou quatre des seigneurs avant-ditz, appellant aux eux les serjeants de la Reyne, quant sera besoigne, tiendront leur place en la chambre du Chambellan.*

"*Receveurs et Triours des Petitions de la Grande Bretagne et d'Ireland,* were appointed the same day."—Vol. i., p. 253.

It is not to be supposed that after the period of Richard III. Lord Campbell finds any "*chancellarian mummies*" to disinter; but he deals with the ampler materials of advancing light in a style on the whole very judicious, observing a happy medium between nakedness and profusion of detail as respects personal incidents, and as rarely as almost any author of the class trespassing beyond the proper limits of biography. We may instance his "*Life of Wolsey*" as, though not long, by much the clearest and even the completest one we have had of that great man, "who enjoyed more power than any of his predecessors or successors who have held the office of chancellor in England." We can afford but the *exorde* of this capital chapter:—

"I shall not attempt to draw any general character of this eminent man. His good and bad qualities may best be understood from the details of his actions, and are immortalized by the dialogue between Queen Catharine and Griffith, her secretary, which is familiar to every reader.

"But the nature of this work requires that I should more deliberately consider him as a judge; for although he held the Great Seal uninterruptedly for a period of fourteen years, and greatly extended its jurisdiction, and permanently influenced our juridical institutions, not only historians, but his own biographers, in describing the politician and the churchman, almost forget that he ever was lord chancellor.

"From his conference with Justice Shelly respecting York Place, we know exactly his notions of the powers and duties of the chancellor as an equity judge. When pressed by the legal opinion upon the question, he took the distinction between law and conscience, and said 'it is proper to have a respect to conscience before the rigor of the common law, for *laus est facere quod decet non quod licet*. The king ought of his royal dignity and prerogative to mitigate the rigor of the law where conscience hath the most force; therefore, in his royal place of equal justice he hath constituted a chancellor, an officer to execute justice with clemency, where conscience is opposed to the rigor of the law. And therefore the court of chancery hath been heretofore commonly called the court of conscience, because it hath jurisdiction to command the high ministers of the common law to spare execution and judgment, where conscience hath most effect.' With such notions he must have been considerably more arbitrary than a Turkish Kadi,

who considers himself bound by a text of the Koran in point, and we are not to be surprised when we are told that he chose to exercise his equitable authority over everything which could be a matter of judicial inquiry.

"In consequence, bills and petitions multiplied to an unprecedented degree, and notwithstanding his despatch there was a great arrear of business. To this grievance he applied a very vigorous remedy, without any application to parliament to appoint vice-chancellors;—for of his own authority he at once established four new courts of equity by commission in the king's name. One of these was held at Whitehall before his own deputy; another before the king's almoner, Dr. Stoberby, afterwards Bishop of London; a third at the treasury chamber before certain members of the council; and a fourth at the rolls, before Cuthbert Tunstall, master of the rolls, who, in consequence of this appointment, used to hear causes there in the afternoon. The master of the rolls has continued ever since to sit separately for hearing causes there in chancery. The other three courts fell with their founder.

"Wolsey himself used still to attend pretty regularly in the court of chancery during term, and he maintained his equitable jurisdiction with a very high hand, deciding without the assistance of common law judges, and with very little regard to the common law.

"If he was sneered at for his ignorance of the doctrines and practice of the court, he had his revenge by openly complaining that the lawyers who practised before him were grossly ignorant of the civil law and the principles of general jurisprudence; and he has been described as often interrupting their pleadings, and bitterly animadverting on their narrow notions and limited arguments. To remedy an evil which troubled the stream of justice at the fountain-head, he, with his usual magnificence of conception, projected an institution, to be founded in London, for the systematic study of all branches of the law. He even furnished an architectural model for the building, which was considered a masterpiece, and remained long after his death as a curiosity in the palace at Greenwich. Such an institution is still a desideratum in England; for, with splendid exceptions, it must be admitted that English barristers, though very clever practitioners, are not such able jurists as are to be found in other countries where law is systematically studied as a science.

"On Wolsey's fall his administration of justice was strictly overhauled; but no complaint was made against him of bribery or corruption, and the charges were merely that he had examined many matters in chancery after judgment given at common law;—that he had unduly granted injunctions;—and that when his injunctions were disregarded by the judges, he had sent for those venerable magistrates and sharply reprimanded them for their obstinacy. He is celebrated for the vigor with which he repressed perjury and chicanery in his court, and he certainly enjoyed the reputation of having conducted himself as chancellor with fidelity and ability—although it was not till a later age that the foundation was laid of that well-defined system of equity now established, which is so well adapted to all the wants of a wealthy and refined society, and, leaving little discretion to the judge, disposes satisfactorily of all the varying cases within the wide scope of its jurisdiction.

"I am afraid I cannot properly conclude this

sketch of the life of Wolsey without mentioning that 'of his own body he was ill, and gave the clergy ill example.' He had a natural son, named Winter, who was promoted to be Dean of Wells, and for whom he procured a grant of 'arms' from the Heralds' College. The 38th article of his impeachment shows that he had for his mistress a lady of the name of Lark, by whom he had two other children; there were various amours in which he was suspected of having indulged, and his health had suffered from his dissolute life. But we must not suppose that the scandal arising from such irregularities was such as would be occasioned by them at the present day. A very different standard of morality then prevailed: churchmen, debarred from marriage, were often licensed to keep concubines, and as the popes themselves were in this respect by no means infallible, the frailties of a cardinal were not considered any insuperable bar either to secular or spiritual preferment.

"In judging him we must remember his deep contrition for his backslidings; and the memorable lesson which he taught with his dying breath, that, to ensure true comfort and happiness, a man must addict himself to the service of God, instead of being misled by the lures of pleasure and ambition.

"The subsequent part of Henry's reign is the best panegyric on Wolsey; for, during twenty-nine years, he had kept free from the stain of blood or violence the sovereign, who now, following the natural bent of his character, cut off the heads of his wives and his most virtuous ministers, and proved himself the most arbitrary tyrant that ever disgraced the throne of England."

The life of Wolsey's venerated successor, More, is entitled to similar praise. Notwithstanding all the labor and skill of so many able predecessors, Lord Campbell has brought out the whole story with, we must say, unrivalled felicity. We can afford, however, only a few trivial specimens of this rich biography:—

"After diligently searching the books, I find the report of only one judgment which he pronounced during his chancellorship, and this I shall give in the words of the reporter:—

"It happened on a time that a beggar-woman's little dog, which she had lost, was presented for a jewel to Lady More, and she had kept it some se'nnight very carefully; but at last the beggar had notice where her dog was, and presently she came to complain to Sir Thomas, as he was sitting in his hall, that his lady withheld her dog from her. Presently my lady was sent for, and the dog brought with her; which Sir Thomas, taking in his hands, caused his wife, because she was the worthier person, to stand at the upper end of the hall, and the beggar at the lower end, and saying that he sat there to do every one justice, he bade each of them call the dog; which, when they did, the dog went presently to the beggar, forsaking my lady. When he saw this, he bade my lady be contented, for it was none of hers; yet she, repining at the sentence of my lord chancellor, agreed with the beggar, and gave her a piece of gold, which would well have bought three dogs, and so all parties were agreed; every one smiling to see his manner of inquiring out the truth.' It must be acknowledged that Solomon himself could not have heard and determined the case more wisely or equitably.*

*"For some cases *in pari materia*, vid. Rep. Barat. Tem. Sanch. Pan."

"But a grave charge has been brought against the conduct of More while chancellor—that he was a cruel and even bloody persecutor of the Lutherans. This is chiefly founded on a story told by Fox, the martyrologist—that Burnham, a reformer, was carried out of the Middle Temple to the chancellor's house at Chelsea, where he continued in free prison awhile, till the time that Sir Thomas More saw that he could not prevail in perverting of him to his sect. Then he cast him into prison in his own house, and whipped him at the tree in his garden called "*the tree of Troth*," and after sent him to the tower to be racked!"* Burnet and other very zealous Protestants have likewise countenanced the supposition that More's house was really converted into a sort of prison of the Inquisition, he himself being the Grand Inquisitor; and that there was a tree in his grounds where the reformers so often underwent flagellation under his superintendence, that it acquired the appellation of '*the tree of Troth*.' But let us hear what is said on this subject by More himself—allowed on all hands (however erroneous his opinions on religion) to have been the most sincere, candid, and truthful of men: 'Divers of them have said, that of such as were in my house when I was chancellor, I used to examine them with torments, causing them to be bound to a tree in my garden, and there piteously beaten. Except their sure keeping, I never else did cause any such thing to be done unto any of the heretics in all my life, except only twain: one was a child, and a servant of mine in mine own house, whom his father, ere he came to me, had nursed up in such matters, and sent him to attend upon George Jay. This Jay did teach the child his ungracious heresy against the blessed sacrament of the altar; which heresy this child, in my house, began to teach another child. And upon that point I caused a servant of mine to strip him, like a child, before mine household, for amendment of himself and ensample of others. Another was one who, after he had fallen into these frantic heresies, soon fell into plain open frenzy; albeit that he had been in bedlam, and afterwards, by beating and correction, gathered his remembrance. Being therefore set at liberty, his old frenzies fell again into his head. Being informed of his relapse, I caused him to be taken by the constables, and bounden to a tree in the street, before the whole town, and there striped him till he waxed weary. Verily, God be thanked, I hear no harm of him now. And of all who ever came in my hand for heresy, as help me God, else had never any of them any stripe or stroke given them, so much as a fillip in the forehead.'†

"We must come to the conclusion that persons accused of heresy were confined in his house, though not treated with cruelty, and that the supposed tortures consisted in flogging one naughty boy, and administering stripes to one maniac, according to the received notion of the times, as a cure for his malady. The truth is, that More, though in his youth he had been a warm friend to religious toleration, and in his '*Utopia*' he had published opinions on this subject rather latitudinarian, at last, alarmed by the progress of the reformation, and shocked by the excesses of some of its

votaries in Germany, became convinced of the expediency of uniformity of faith, or, at least, conformity in religious observances; but he never strained or rigorously enforced the laws against Lollardy. 'It is,' says Erasmus, 'a sufficient proof of his clemency, that while he was chancellor no man was put to death for these pestilent dogmas, while so many, at the same period, suffered for them in France, Germany, and the Netherlands.'"

On More's fall, one of the charges urged against him before the committee of privy council was, that he had "provoked the king to set forth the *Booke of the Seven Sacraments*—whereby the title of Defender of the Faith had been gained, but in reality a sword put into the pope's hand to fight against him, to his great dishonor in all parts of Christendom:"—

"His answer lets us curiously into the secret history of Henry's refutation of Luther. 'My lords,' answered he, 'these terrors be frights for children, and not for me: but to answer that wherewith you chiefly burthen me, I believe the king's highness, of his honor will never lay that book to my charge; for there is none that can, in that point, say more for my clearance than himself, who right well knoweth that I never was procurer, promoter, nor counsellor of his majesty thereunto; only after it was finished, by his grace's appointment, and the consent of the makers of the same, I only sorted out, and placed in order, the principal matters therein; wherein, when I had found the pope's authority highly advanced and with strange arguments mightily defended, I said thus to his grace, "I must put your highness in mind of one thing—the pope, as your majesty well knoweth, is a prince, as you are, in league with all other Christian princes: it may hereafter fall out that your grace and he may vary upon some points of the league, whereupon may grow breach of amity between you both; therefore I think it best that place be amended, and his authority more slenderly touched." "Nay," said the king, "that shall it not; we are so much bound to the See of Rome, that we cannot do too much honor unto it. Whatsoever impediment be to the contrary, we will set forth that authority to the uttermost; for we have received from that See our crown imperial!" which till his grace with his own mouth so told me, I never heard before. Which things well considered, I trust when his majesty shall be truly informed thereof, and call to his gracious remembrance my sayings and doings in that behalf, his highness will never speak more of it, but will clear me himself.'"—Vol. i., p. 562.

Henry VIII., however, must have condescended to great pains in the matter of the "*Booke of Seven Sacraments*." The MS. of it presented to the pope with the distich—

"Anglorum Rex Henricus, Leo Decime, mittit
Hoc opus et fidei testem et amicitiae,"

is still in the Vatican, and no one hitherto has disputed that the book, like the inscription, is in the writing of the king. Mr. Mathews ("*Diary of an Invalid*," vol. i., p. 146) saw it in 1818, and that critical observer describes the *autograph* without hint of suspicion. We ourselves saw it lately, and by the side of it several of Henry's MS. letters to Anne Boleyn, and we certainly perceived no difference in the handwritings.

Sir Thomas More's character, says Lord Campbell—

* Mart., vol. ii. Hist. Reform., vol. iii. "When More was raised to the chief in the ministry, he became a persecutor even to blood, and defiled those hands which were never polluted with bribes."

† Apology, c. 36. English Works, 902.

"Both in public and private life, comes as near to perfection as our nature will permit; and I must think that, in weighing it, there has been too much concession, on the score that the splendor of his great qualities was obscured by intolerance and superstition; and that he voluntarily sought his death by violating a law which, with a safe conscience, he might have obeyed. We Protestants must lament that he was not a convert to the doctrines of the Reformation; but they had as yet been very imperfectly expounded in England, and they had produced effects in foreign countries which might well alarm a man of constant mind. If he adhered conscientiously to the faith in which he had been educated, he can in no instance be blamed for the course he pursued. No good Roman Catholic could declare that the king's first marriage had been absolutely void from the beginning; or that the king could be vested, by act of parliament, with the functions of the pope, as head of the Anglican church. Can we censure him for submitting to loss of office, imprisonment and death, rather than make such a declaration? He implicitly yielded to the law regulating the succession to the crown; and he offered no active opposition to any other law;—only requiring that on matters of opinion he might be permitted to remain silent.

"The English Reformation was a glorious event, for which we never can be sufficiently grateful to divine Providence: but I own I feel little respect for those by whose instrumentality it was first brought about;—men generally swayed by their own worldly interests, and willing to sanction the worst passions of the tyrant to whom they looked for advancement. With all my Protestant zeal, I must feel a higher reverence for Sir Thomas More than for Thomas Cromwell or Cranmer."

—Vol. i., pp. 582—583.

Of the *Utopia*, the biographer thus writes:—

"But the composition to which he attached no importance, which, as a *jeu d'esprit*, occupied a few of his idle hours when he retired from the bar and before he was deeply immersed in the business of office, and which he was with great difficulty prevailed upon to publish, would of itself have made his name immortal. Since the time of Plato, there had been no composition given to the world which, for imagination, for philosophical discrimination, for a familiarity with the principles of government, for a knowledge of the springs of human action, for a keen observation of men and manners, and for felicity of expression, could be compared to the *Utopia*. Although the word invented by More has been introduced into the language, to describe what is supposed to be impracticable and visionary—the work (with some extravagance and absurdities, introduced perhaps with the covert object of softening the offence which might have been given by his satire upon the abuses of his age and country) abounds with lessons of practical wisdom. If I do not, like some, find in it all the doctrines of sound political economy illustrated by Adam Smith, I can distinctly point out in it the objections to a severe penal code, which have at last prevailed, after they had been long urged in vain by Romilly and Mackintosh;—and as this subject is intimately connected with the history of the law of England, I hope I may be pardoned for giving the following extract to show the law reforms which Sir Thomas More would have introduced when lord chancellor, had he not been three centuries in advance of his age: He

represents his great traveller who had visited *Utopia*, and describes its institutions, as saying, 'There happened to be at table an English lawyer who took occasion to run out in high commendation of the severe execution of thieves in his country, where might be seen twenty at a time dangling from one gibbet. Nevertheless, he observed, it puzzled him to understand how, since so few escaped, there were yet so many thieves left who were still found robbing in all places. Upon this I said with boldness, there was no reason to wonder at the matter, since this way of punishing thieves was neither just in itself nor for the public good; for as the severity was too great, so the remedy was not effectual; simple theft was not so great a crime that it ought to cost a man his life; and no punishment would restrain men from robbing who could find no other way of livelihood.* In this, not only you, but a great part of the world besides imitate ignorant and cruel schoolmasters, who are readier to flog their pupils than to teach them. Instead of these dreadful punishments enacted against thieves, it would be much better to make provision for enabling these men to live by their industry whom you drive to theft, and then put to death for the crime you cause.'

"He exposes the absurdity of the law of forfeiture in case of larceny, which I am ashamed to say, notwithstanding the efforts I have myself made in parliament to amend it, still disgraces our penal code, so that, for an offence for which, as a full punishment, sentence is given of imprisonment for a month, the prisoner loses all his personal property, which is never thought of by the court in pronouncing the sentence. It was otherwise among the *Utopians*. 'Those that are guilty of theft among them are bound to make restitution to the owner, and not to the prince. If that which was stolen is no more in being, then the goods of the thief are estimated, and restitution being made out of them, the remainder is given to his wife and children.'

"I cannot refrain from giving another extract to prove that, before the reformation, he was as warm a friend as Locke to the principles of religious toleration. He says, that the great legislator of *Utopia* made a law that every man might be of what religion he pleased, and might endeavor to draw others to it by the force of argument, and by amicable and modest ways, without bitterness against those of other opinions. 'This law was made by *Utopus* not only for preserving the public peace, which he saw suffered much by daily contentions and irreconcilable heats, but because he thought it was required by a due regard to the interest of religion itself. He judged it not fit to decide rashly any matter of opinion, and he deemed it foolish and indecent to threaten and terrify another for the purpose of making him believe what did not appear to him to be true.' His most wonderful anticipation may be thought that of Lord Ashley's

* "Cæpit accurate laudare rigidam illam justitiam quæ tum illic exercebatur in fures, quos passim narrabat nonnunquam suspendi viginti in una cruce, atque eo vehementius dicebat se mirari cum tam pauci elaberentur supplicio, quo malo fato fieret (how the devil it happened) uti tam multi tamen ubique grassarentur." This lawyer reminds me exceedingly of the attorney-generals, judges, and secretaries of state, who in my early youth eulogized the bloody penal code which then disgraced England, and predicted that if it were softened, there would be no safety for life or property. They would not even, like their worthy predecessor here recorded, admit its inefficiency to check the commission of crime."—Vol. i., p. 584.

factory measure—by 'the Six Hours Bill' which regulated labor in Utopia. 'Nec ab summo mane tamen ad multam usque noctem perpetuo labore, velut jumenta, fatigatus; nam ea plus quam servilis ærumna est; quæ tamen ubique fere opificum vita est—exceptis Utopiensibus, qui cum in horas viginti-quatuor æquales diem connumeratâ nocte dividant, sex duntaxat operi deputant, tres ante meridiem, a quibus prandium ineunt, atque a prandio duas pomeridianas horas; quum sex interquieverunt, tres deinde rursus labori datas cœnâ claudunt. Etenim quod sex duntaxat horas in opere sunt, fieri fortasse potest, ut inopiam aliquam putes necessariam rerum sequi. Quod tam longe abest ut accidat, ut id temporis ad omnium rerum copiam, quæ quidem ad vitæ vel necessitatem requirantur vel commoditatem, non sufficiat modo sed supersit etiam.'—*Utopia*, vol. ii., p. 68."

This Life contains sundry pleasant little anecdotal scraps for which we wish we had room. Let one suffice. After telling the well-known story of the chancellor's daily kneeling for his father the pious judge's blessing ere he opened court, Lord Campbell says,—

"I am old enough to remember that when the chancellor left his court, if the Court of King's Bench was sitting, a curtain was drawn and bows were exchanged between him and the judges, so that I can easily picture to myself the 'blessing scene' between the father and son."—Vol. i., p. 544, *note*.

In another *note* he corrects a very serious error:—

"More's recent biographers, by erroneously fixing his trial on the 7th of May, make an interval of two months instead of six days between that and his execution; but it is quite certain that although he was arraigned on the 7th of May, he was not tried till the 1st of July."*

We do not quote with the same approbation Lord Campbell's defence of the illustrious More for his patronage of the miracles of the "Maid of Kent":—

"We need not wonder at the credulity of the most eminent men of that age, when in our own day a nobleman, distinguished by his talents and his eloquence, as well as by his illustrious birth, has published a pamphlet to support two contemporaneous miraculous maids, the 'Estatica' and the 'Adolorata.'"—Vol. i., p. 560, *note*.

Such little subserviences and flatteries *obiter* of contemporary partisans are very unworthy of this grave and deliberate work.

Of the life of the next chancellor we given the opening sentences:—

"When Sir Thomas More resigned the great seal, it was delivered to Sir Thomas Audley, afterwards Lord Audley, with the title, first of lord keeper, and then of lord chancellor. There was a striking contrast in almost all respects, between these two individuals—the successor of the man so distinguished for genius, learning, patriotism, and integrity, having only common-place abilities, sufficient, with cunning and shrewdness, to raise their possessor in the world—having no acquired knowledge beyond what was professional and official—having first recommended himself to promotion by defending, in the house of commons, the abuses of prerogative—and, for the sake of remaining in office, being ever willing to submit to any degradation, and to participate in the commission of any crime. He held the great seal for a period of about twelve years, during which, to

please the humors of his capricious and tyrannical master, he sanctioned the divorce of three queens—the execution of two of them on a scaffold—the judicial murder of Sir Thomas More, Bishop Fisher, and many others, who, animated by their example, preferred death to infamy—the spoliation of the church and a division of the plunder among those who planned the robbery—and reckless changes of the established religion, which left untouched all the errors of popery, with the absurdity of the king being constituted pope, and which involved in a common massacre those who denied transubstantiation and those who denied the king's spiritual supremacy."—Vol. i., p. 589.

Chancellor Audley himself was as rapacious in the matter of church plunder as the founder of the house of Bedford—and almost as successful. After extorting some four or five rich priories, he let out at last the grand object of his ambition—which was to get the site and lands of the great Abbey at Walden in Essex, and unquestionably he had the merit of urging this bold claim with "force and naïveté." He wrote thus to Vicar-General Cromwell: "I have in this world sustayned greate damage and infamie in serving the Kynges hieness, which this grant shall recompens."

"This appeal was felt to be so well founded, that in consideration of the bad law laid down by him on the trials of Fisher, More, Anne Boleyn, Courtenay, and de la Pole, and of the measures he had carried through parliament to exalt the royal prerogative and to destroy the constitution, and of the execration heaped upon him by the whole English nation—as well as by way of retaining fee for future services of the like nature, and recompense for farther infamy—he received a warrant to put the great seal to the desired grant."

Lord Campbell adds, "Here he constructed his tomb, and his grandson built the magnificent mansion of Audley End, now the seat of Lord Braybrooke." But Lord Braybrooke's mansion, spacious and noble though it be, is but one wing of the palace of his Audley ancestors—"that stately fabric of Audley End," says Dugdale, "not to be equalled, excepting Hampton Court, by any in this realm."

This "sordid slave," first brought into notice, and then was succeeded by, Thomas Wriothesley, a man of no splendid origin, (son of one of the Kings-at-Arms,) who received from Henry VIII. the possessions of the Abbey of Titchfield, and the title of Lord Wriothesley of Titchfield, and was one of those executors of Henry who commenced their administration by a fraudulent manœuvre to advance each of themselves in the peerage. When Hertford became Duke of Somerset this chancellor became Earl of Southampton; and so on with the rest, all moreover bestowing on themselves "suitable grants to support their new dignities." Wriothesley, after being accomplice and tool of Somerset, joined the protector's great enemy Dudley, suggested the measures which ended in Somerset's fall, and that business consummated, was contemptuously tossed aside by Dudley, and after languishing a year or two in obscurity, died of a "broken heart," that is, of disappointed ambition. He is remembered chiefly in our history as the judge who presided at the judicial murder of "the gentle Surrey," and who with his own hands tightened the rack at the torturing of the young and beautiful martyr, Anne Askew. Except that he was steady to his popery, it is impossible to discover any respectable circumstance in his career.

* 1 St. Tr. 385.

But his line ended after three generations in an heiress—Rachel Wriothesley, the admirable wife of William Lord Russell; and, of course, Lord Campbell must needs contrive to wind up even this savage intriguer's history with a sentence that would fain be civil:—

"The present Bedford family thus represent Lord Chancellor Wriothesley, resembling him in sincerity and steadiness of purpose, but happily distinguished for mildness and liberality instead of sternness and bigotry."—Vol. i., p. 652.

We are now advancing in "the Grandeur of the Law." The next chancellor was William Paulet, heir of an ancient knightly family in Somersetshire, a favorite in the household of Henry VII., and then of Henry VIII., who made him chancellor, Lord St. John of Basing, and a knight of the garter—a favorite and partisan of Somerset's, who made him Earl of Wiltshire—then a partaker in Dudley's plans for the overthrow of Somerset, and the presiding judge at Somerset's trial, for which service Dudley made him Marquess of Winchester—then active in the cause of Lady Jane Grey, but the first to leave her party—forgiven accordingly, and made lord high treasurer by Queen Mary—during whose whole reign he held that office—and then the humble slave of Burleigh, continued as treasurer by Elizabeth till his death in 1572. Sir James Mackintosh, when speaking of the versatile politicians who had the art and fortune to slide unhurt through all the shocks of forty years in a revolutionary age, says, "the Marquess of Winchester, who had served Henry VII., and retained office under every intermediate government till he died in his ninety-seventh year with the staff of lord treasurer in his hands, is perhaps the most remarkable specimen of this species preserved in history." He expired serenely, smilingly, congratulating himself that "he had been a willow, not an oak," and was consigned to a magnificent tomb, with the attendance of one hundred and three of his progeny. This chancellor knew little enough of the law, but he had the true qualifications for worldly success. To change his religion four or five times—conduct the trials of Papists under a Protestant government, of Protestants under a Papist one, and so on *toties quoties*—to serve one sovereign against whom he had committed treason, and two whom he had bastardized—all these things were trifles to the patriarch of the Marquesses of Winchester and Dukes of Bolton. "He was," says Lord Campbell, with his usual terseness of summary, "of a cheerful temper, pleasing manners, moderate abilities, and respectable acquirements. Exciting no envy or jealousy, he had every one's good word, and accommodating himself to the humors of all, all were disposed to befriend him."—*Sic itur ad astra*.

The next was Richard Rich, son of a mercer in the city, remarkable in early life only as "a dicer and gamester," and never suspected of severe study or profound attainments of any sort, but an artful barrister, audacious flatterer, and convenient tool. He was solicitor-general at the trials of More and Fisher, and his treachery and perjury then volunteered, procured him the wealthy sinecure of chirographer to the common pleas. Then we have him speaker of the house of commons—then paymaster of the army—then chancellor of the Court of Augmentations—which post enabled him to secure church plunder sufficient for the endowment of two coronets—which plunder made

him a good Protestant—and kept him one, except during Mary's short reign;—ultimately Lord Rich and Chancellor of England. His eldest son was created Earl of Warwick—his second, Earl of Holland. One of his descendants built Holland House, so famed as the scene of political intrigue in the days of Charles I., as the residence of Addison's wife, the Countess Dowager of Warwick, and since "as the centre of intellectual and refined society under the family of Fox." (Vol. ii., p. 27.) The family of Rich is now extinct in all its branches.

We have now another series of clerical chancellors—and first, Thomas Goodrick—seated on the woolsock by Dudley, (December, 1551,) because "there was no lawyer in whom he could place entire confidence; and he had projects to which a lawyer with any remaining scruples must object." Goodrick had been employed in revising the translation of the New Testament, and in compiling the Liturgy of Edward VI., and had been rewarded for these services by the mitre of Ely. His reputation as a Protestant divine would, as Dudley had rightly conjectured, render him an excellent keeper of the royal conscience, when a warrant was to be extorted from young Edward for the execution of his uncle Somerset. The bishop therefore became chancellor. He acted as chancellor also to Lady Jane Grey—but resigned the seal with such alacrity to Queen Mary, the moment Jane's cause was desperate, and also recanted his Protestantism with such exemplary readiness, that he was pardoned and continued in his see. Dying before Elizabeth's accession, he died also of course in the communion of Rome.

We need not dwell on Lord Campbell's next subject—for he was a great man, and though it is strange enough that we have never had a separate biography of him, the principal events in his life are part and parcel of the History of England. Lord Campbell gives in full detail the procedure in parliament, arranged and conducted by Lord Chancellor Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, when the English government and nation were to be formally reunited to the Roman church. This precedent, he observes, will probably be studied by those "who at the present time wish to bring about a similar reconciliation." It is a very curious procedure.

Gardiner was succeeded as chancellor by Heath, Archbishop of York, whose earlier life is not without its inconsistencies, and who persevered in Gardiner's Smithfield policy, but whose memory is redeemed by his honorable conduct at and after the death of his patroness Mary. Elizabeth would willingly have continued him both as chancellor and as archbishop, if he would have gone into her and Cecil's plans for the revival of the reformed religion. But Heath was steadfast. Sir Nicholas Bacon was made lord keeper—and refusing, in his place of parliament, to take the oath of supremacy, the archbishop was deprived forthwith of his see.

"He retired to a small property of his own at Cobham, in Surrey, where he devoted the rest of his days to study and devotion. He was here compared to Abiathar, sent home by Solomon to his own field, and he was said to have found himself happier than he had ever been during his highest elevation. Queen Elizabeth herself, remembering how promptly he had recognized her title when he was lord chancellor, and believing that he afterwards acted from conscientious motives, was

in the frequent habit of visiting him in his retreat, and, with a certain hankering after the old religion, she probably, in her heart, honored him more than she did Archbishop Parker, whom she found living splendidly at Lambeth, with a lady whom she would neither call his "mistress" nor his "wife."—Heath survived till the year 1566, when he died deeply lamented by his friends, and with the character of a good, if not of a great man.

"Great reproach was brought upon the two chancellors, Gardiner and Heath, for the furious religious persecution which they prompted or sanctioned; but the former gained much popularity by his resistance to the queen's matrimonial alliance with Philip of Spain, and the latter was respected for the general moderation of his character and his personal disinterestedness. They issued writs, under the great seal, for the election of representatives to the house of commons to fourteen new places (generally very small towns) which had not before sent members to parliament—imitating the conduct of Edward's chancellors, who, to strengthen the reformation, had enfranchised no fewer than twenty-two similar boroughs. None of their judicial decisions have been handed down to us."—Vol. ii., p. 86.

We must quote here a note which may perhaps edify some of the legal personages destined to figure at her majesty's next fancy ball:—

"During Mary's reign the lawyers devoted much of their attention to the regulation of their own dress and personal appearance. To check the grievance of 'long beards,' an order was issued by the Inner Temple 'that no fellow of that house should wear his beard above three weeks' growth on pain of forfeiting 20s.' The Middle Temple enacted 'that none of that society should wear great breeches in their hose made after the Dutch, Spanish, or Almain fashion, or lawn upon their caps, or cut doublets, under a penalty of 3s. 4d., and expulsion for the second offence.' In 3 and 4 P. and M. it was ordained by all the four Inns of Court, 'that none except knights and benchers should wear in their doublets or hose any light colors, save scarlet and crimson, nor wear any upper velvet cap, or any scarf or wings in their gowns, white jerkins, buskins, or velvet shoes, double cuffs in their shirts, feathers or ribbons in their caps, and that none should wear their study gowns in the city any farther than Fleet Bridge or Holborn Bridge, nor, while in commons, wear Spanish cloaks, sword and buckler, or rapier, or gowns and hats, or gowns girded with a dagger on the back.'—*Ibid.*

We avoid Sir Nicholas Bacon, as "the great father of a greater son" is well known to all. Nor do we find any novelties to tempt us in the sketch of his successor Bromley, who is sufficiently damned to all ages by his proceedings at the trial of the Queen of Scots. The sudden rise and brief chancellorship of the "dancing" Sir Christopher Hatton are most amusingly told—we cannot add without scandal against Queen Elizabeth;—on the contrary, Lord Campbell takes pains to prove that the arrangements of the royal apartments within four and twenty hours after the leader of the brawl first attracted her notice in Gray's Inn Hall, were about as suspicious as those of his own Queen Caroline and her friend Bergami, at Naples;—but all this and the keepership of Puckering also we must pass over.

The next that ascended the marble chair might well detain us; but we have given so much space to the "mummies" that we can afford little to the

immortals. Lord Campbell has done the life of the illustrious *Ellesmere* in a manner worthy of such a subject—traced the long, arduous, dignified career with diligent research and recorded it with clearness and elegance—the theme, as well it might, evidently tempting him to unusual care, and inspiring a more than common warmth as well as grace of expression. In one paragraph Lord Campbell seems to invite a commentary—but we beg to be excused.

"From the beginning he afforded the example of a consummate judge. He was not only courteous in his manner, but quiet, patient, and attentive—waiting to be instructed as to the facts and law of the case by the counsel who had been studying them—never interrupting to show quickness of perception, or to anticipate authorities likely to be cited, or to blurt out a jest—yet venturing to put a question for the right understanding of the points to be decided, and gently checking wandering and prolixity by a look or a hint. He listened with undivided attention to the evidence, and did not prepare a speech in parliament or write letters to his correspondents under pretence of taking notes of the arguments addressed to him. Nor did he affect the reputation of great despatch by deciding before he had heard both parties, or by referring facts and law to the master which it was his own duty to ascertain and determine. When the case admitted of no reasonable doubt, he disposed of it as soon as the hearing was finished. Otherwise, he carried home the papers with him—not throwing them aside to moulder in a trunk till, driven by the importunity of counsel asking for judgment, he again looked at them, long after the arguments he had heard were entirely forgotten and he could scarcely make out from his 'breviate book' the points that had been raised for his decision—but within a short time spontaneously giving judgment in a manner to show that he was complete master of the case, and never aggravating the anguish of the losing party by the belief that if the judge had taken more pains the result would have been different."

The great chancellor is thus summed up:—

"Considering the times in which Lord Ellesmere lived, and comparing him with his contemporaries who reached high office, we are bound greatly to respect his memory. Neither he nor any other mortal man could deserve the panegyric upon him by a contemporary historian who knew him well, '*Nihil in vitâ nisi laudandum aut fecit, aut dixit, aut sensit*;' but in thought, word, and deed, his errors were venial. We may pardon his enmity to Sir Edward Coke, who had tried to cover him with disgrace when he was supposed to be upon his death-bed. With all his other rivals and political opponents he seems to have lived on terms of courtesy if not of kindness. He never betrayed a friend.

"As a politician he always stood up for the extension of the prerogative, and his doctrines were often inconsistent with our notions of a free constitution; but we must remember that precedents might then be cited for almost every exercise of arbitrary power; and the great patriot Sir Edward Coke, with other eminent men as late as the revolution of 1688, laid it down for law, that an act of parliament to abolish the dispensing power would be inoperative, as the king could first dispense with the abolishing act, and then with the penalty to be dispensed with.

"While Lord Ellesmere was chancellor the few state prosecutions which were instituted took a

milder and more regular form; and if the Somersetts were improperly pardoned, he was not accessory, like many of his predecessors, to the unjust shedding of noble blood.

"His great natural abilities had been assiduously cultivated, and he was one of the best public speakers who had yet appeared in England. His apprehension was keen and ready, his judgment deep and sound, and his elocution elegant and easy. 'He was a grave and great orator, and best when he was provoked.'

"As an equity judge he gained more applause than any one who had sat before him in the marble chair. With a knowledge of law equal to Edward III.'s lay chancellors, Parnyng and Knyvet, so highly eulogized by Lord Coke, he was much more familiar with the principles of general jurisprudence. Not less noted for despatch and purity than Sir Thomas More, he was much better acquainted with the law of real property, as well as the practice of the court in which he had long practised as an advocate; and exhibiting all the patience and suavity of Sir Nicholas Bacon, he possessed more quickness of perception and a more vigorous grasp of intellect. Many ecclesiastical holders of the great seal were to be admired as statesmen and scholars, but none had been competent, without assistance, satisfactorily to preside in the judgment-seat.

"Ellesmere, while in his vigor, had himself disposed of the whole business of the court of chancery. In his declining years he required assistance; but to the last, every case of magnitude he heard and decided in person. During the whole of his time, there seems to have been an entire cessation of all impeachment of the court of chancery either for delay or corruption; and the only complaint against him that he exceeded his jurisdiction, was decided in his favor.

"He was very solicitous for the honor of the bar, which then seems to have had members much given to lying, quarrelling, making fraudulent bargains with their clients, and, when it suited their purpose, to insulting the judge. During the hearing of the case of Ranolph Crew, 9 Jac. 1., according to an accurate reporter, '*Le Seignior Chancellor dit, Benedictus Dominus Deus justitiæ! et il exhort les Lawyers destre veriloqui, pacidici, et nemy de pteipater en le benefit dascun suit; ut gratiose se gerant et Judici in judicio ne prejudicent.*'

"The practice of the king interfering with suits by writs of privy seal, under pretence that one of the suitors was in the royal service, still continued; but there is no reason to suppose that Ellesmere was influenced by these beyond granting delay—and all members of parliament were considered entitled to the like privilege.

"When any cause was depending before him in which a peer was concerned, he gave him notice, by a missive under his hand, of the time appointed for hearing it; but he never was suspected of unduly leaning in favor of the aristocratic party—any more than of seeking vulgar praise by becoming counsel for the poor; and he had the rare good fortune to be at the same time, the favorite of the court and of the people.

"Ellesmere is particularly to be commended for the exercise of his patronage. Unlike Cecil the father, and Cecil the son, to whom it is imputed by Bacon, their kinsman, that out of jealousy they wished to depress all rising men of merit, he was eager to befriend, and bring forward all who were

likely to be able to serve their country with credit and advantage. He strongly supported Bacon's claim to the offices of solicitor and attorney general; and recommended him as his successor. As another example, I may mention that having heard Williams, afterwards Bishop of Lincoln and Lord Keeper, when a tutor at Cambridge, preach a sermon which displayed great talent—although a stranger to him, he made him his chaplain, and advanced him in the king's service, so that he afterwards attained the highest honors in the church and state.

"In making judges (a most important part of the duty of a lord chancellor, for by a bad judicial appointment no one can calculate the aggregate amount of evil inflicted on the community) Ellesmere deserves particular credit. His anxiety on this subject appears from a letter he wrote on the accession of King James, recommending a new call of serjeants, 'consideringe that moost of the Judges are aged, and the Serjeantes at Lawe now servinge at the barre not so sufficient to supplye judiciall places as were to be wysshed (ne quid dicam durius;)'—a state of that venerable court very different from what we have constantly seen in our time, when if, by a new gunpowder plot exploding at the chancellor's levee the first day of term, all the judges should suddenly be swept off—the benches of the different courts in Westminster Hall might well be replenished from the order of the coif.

"His great church patronage, likewise, he dispensed with a single view to the public weal. 'Livings,' said he, 'rather want learned men than learned men livings, many in the universities pining for want of places. I wish, therefore, some may have single coats before others have doublets; and this method I have observed in bestowing the king's benefices.'

"He was a remarkably handsome and athletic man, and in his youth was much addicted to the sports of the field. He retained his personal beauty in his old age, inasmuch that many went to the court of chancery to gaze at him; 'and happy were they,' says the facetious Fuller, 'who had no other business there.'

"Although he always lived in a style suitable to his station, he left entirely of his own conquest landed estates to the value of 8000*l.* a year—equal to the wealth of the high hereditary nobility of that time.

"'The Grandeur of the Law' shows that many distinguished noble houses owe their origin to Westminster Hall; but I do not recollect any instance of the family of a lawyer who had raised himself from obscurity* being so soon associated with the old aristocracy, or rising so rapidly to the highest rank in the peerage. John, the eldest surviving son, being created Earl of Bridgewater soon after his father's death, was married to a daughter of the Earl of Derby; and being lord president of the principality and marches of Wales, and lord-lieutenant of the counties of Salop, Hereford, Gloucester, Monmouth, Glamorgan, Caermarthen, Pembroke, Cardigan, Flint, Caernarvon, Anglesea, Merioneth, Radnor, Brecknock, Montgomery, and Denbigh, kept his court at Ludlow Castle, where his children were going

* Lord Ellesmere was a natural son of a gentleman of very ancient family and large estates in Cheshire. The present male representative of that old house of Egerton is Sir Philip de Malpas Grey Egerton, Bart.

— to attend their father's state
And new intrusted sceptre—

—when passing through Haywood Forest they were benighted, and the Lady Alice was for a short time lost. This incident gave rise to 'Comus,' which was acted by her and her brothers, Lord Brackley and the Honorable Thomas Egerton.

"After this illustration, the family derived little additional splendor from the ducal coronet, which, in another generation, was bestowed upon them.

"The male line of Lord Chancellor Ellesmere, after producing many great and honorable characters, has failed; and he is now represented, through a female, by that accomplished statesman, Lord Francis Egerton, who enjoys the princely possessions of the family, and to whom every one will rejoice to see its honors restored."—pp. 259—261.

Lord Campbell may well say that the English peerage has been largely stocked from the law. In Mr. Foss' late edition of "The Grandeur" we find the following list of legal houses:—

<i>Dukes, 3.—</i>	<i>Viscount, 1.—</i>
Norfolk.	Sydney.
Devonshire.	<i>Barons, 40.—</i>
Manchester.	Le Despenser.
<i>Marquesses, 7.—</i>	De Clifford.
Winchester.	Zouch of Harringsworth.
Townshend.	Howard de Walden.
Salisbury.	Clifford of Chudleigh.
Exeter.	Middleton.
Camden.	Montfort.
Aylesbury.	Walsingham.
Bristol.	Montagu of Boughton.
<i>Earls, 31.—</i>	Kenyon.
Suffolk.	Thurlow.
Winchelsea.	Lytleton.
Sandwich.	Bayning.
Cardigan.	Bolton.
Carlisle.	Lilford.
Shaftesbury.	Basset.
Coventry.	Alvanley.
Tankerville.	St. Helens.
Aylesford.	Ellenborough.
Cowper.	Erskine.
Macclesfield.	Crewe.
Buckinghamshire.	Manners.
Egremont.	Gifford.
Guilford.	Lyndhurst.
Hardwicke.	Tenterden.
Bathurst.	Teynham.
Clarendon.	Grantley.
Mansfield.	Redesdale.
Talbot.	Wallace.
Fortescue.	Wynford.
Roslyn.	Brougham.
Harrowby.	Chaworth.
Verulam.	Denman.
Bradford.	Abinger.
Eldon.	Hatherton.
Somers.	Cottenham.
Burlington.	Stratheden.
Effingham.	Langdale.
Yarborough.	Bruce.
Leicester.	Campbell.
Lovelace.	

The Irish peerage would afford a crop in full proportion at least. The Scotch a much scantier one. The highest success at the Edinburgh bar has proved a stepping-stone to but one coronet since the union of the kingdoms, viz., the British viscountcy of Melville. We rather wonder that

we have never heard any complaint on the subject.

We are not sorry that we can give place to but the opening of Lord Campbell's "Life of Lord Bacon:—"

"It will easily be believed that I enter with fear and trembling on the arduous undertaking of attempting to narrate the history, and to delineate the character, of

'The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind.'

I must say, that I consider a life of Lord Bacon still a desideratum in English literature. He has often been eulogized and vituperated; there have been admirable expositions of his philosophy and criticisms on his writings; we have very lively sketches of some of his more striking actions; and we are dazzled by brilliant contrasts between his good and bad qualities, and between the vicissitudes of prosperous and adverse fortunes which he experienced. But no writer has yet presented him to us familiarly and naturally from boyhood to old age—shown us how his character was formed and developed—explained his motives and feelings at the different stages of his eventful career—or made us acquainted with him as if we had lived with him, and had actually seen him taught his alphabet by his mother—patted on the head by Queen Elizabeth—mocking the worshippers of Aristotle at Cambridge—catching the first glimpses of his great discoveries, and yet uncertain whether the light was from heaven—associating with the learned and the gay at the court of France—devoting himself to Bracton and the Year Books in Gray's Inn—throwing aside the musty folios of the law to write a moral essay, to make an experiment in natural philosophy, or to detect the fallacies which had hitherto obstructed the progress of useful truth—contented for a time with taking 'all knowledge for his province'—roused from these speculations by the stings of vulgar ambition—plying all the arts of flattery to gain official advancement by royal and courtly favor—entering the house of commons, and displaying powers of oratory of which he had been unconscious—being seduced by the love of popular applause, for a brief space becoming a patriot—making amends, by defending all the worst excesses of prerogative—publishing to the world lucubrations on morals which show the nicest perception of what is honorable and beautiful, as well as prudent, in the conduct of life—yet the son of a lord keeper, the nephew of the prime minister, a queen's counsel, with the first practice at the bar, arrested for debt, and languishing in a spunging-house—tired with vain solicitations to his own kindred for promotion, joining the party of their opponents, and, after experiencing the most generous kindness from the young and chivalrous head of it, assisting to bring him to the scaffold, and to blacken his memory—seeking, by a mercenary marriage, to repair his broken fortunes—on the accession of a new sovereign offering up the most servile adulation to a pedant whom he utterly despised—infinitely gratified by being permitted to kneel down, with 230 others, to receive the honor of knighthood—truckling to a worthless favorite with the most slavish subserviency that he might be appointed a law-officer of the crown—then giving the most admirable advice for the compilation and emendation of the laws of England, and helping to inflict torture on a poor parson whom he wished to hang as a traitor for writing an unpublished and unpreached sermon—attracting the notice of all Eu-

rope by his philosophical works, which established a new era in the mode of investigating the phenomena both of matter and mind—basely intriguing in the mean while for further promotion, and writing secret letters to his sovereign to disparage his rivals—riding proudly between the lord high treasurer and lord privy seal, preceded by his mace-bearer and purse-bearer, and followed by a long line of nobles and judges, to be installed in the office of lord high chancellor—by and bye, settling with his servants the account of the bribes they had received for him—a little embarrassed by being obliged out of decency, the case being so clear, to decide against the party whose money he had pocketed, but stifling the misgivings of conscience by the splendor and flattery which he now commanded—struck to the earth by the discovery of his corruption—taking to his bed, and refusing sustenance—confessing the truth of the charges brought against him, and abjectly imploring mercy—nobly rallying from his disgrace, and engaging in new literary undertakings, which have added to the splendor of his name—still exhibiting a touch of his ancient vanity, and in the midst of pecuniary embarrassment refusing to ‘be stripped of his feathers’—inspired, nevertheless, with all his youthful zeal for science in conducting his last experiment of ‘stuffing a fowl with snow to preserve it,’ which succeeded ‘excellently well,’ but brought him to his grave—and, as the closing act of a life so chequered, making his will, whereby, conscious of the shame he had incurred among his contemporaries, but impressed with a swelling conviction of what he had achieved for mankind, he bequeathed his ‘name and memory to men’s charitable speeches, to foreign nations, and the next ages.’—Vol. ii., p. 268.

We say we are not sorry that we must here suspend our quotation. Lord Campbell has produced a masterly review of Bacon’s whole career, and we leave it unbroken to be studied and admired now and hereafter in the work on which it alone would have been sufficient to stamp the character of solid worth. It is a specimen of care and taste which has not been excelled, in our judgment, by any effort of this age so rich in biography.

The *Lives of Ellesmere and Bacon* occupy 280 pages in the second of these volumes. Then follow shorter sketches of the last ecclesiastical lord keeper, Bishop Williams; lord keeper Coventry; lord keeper Finch; lord keeper Littleton; and the honest, unspotted Lane, who held the great seal at Oxford, served Charles I. with affectionate zeal to his end, and ended his own life in such obscurity that Lord Campbell has been unable to trace him either to an English or a foreign grave. The following sentences do much honor to Lord Campbell:—

“I should have been delighted to relate that Charles’ last lord keeper lived in an honorable retirement during the rule of those whom he considered rebels and usurpers, and survived to see the restoration of the monarchy under the son of his sainted master; but I regret to say that I can find no authentic trace of him after the capitulation of Oxford. From the language of Lord Clarendon, it might be inferred that he expired soon after that misfortune, while others represent that he followed Prince Charles to the continent, and died in exile.

“Considering Sir Richard Lane’s spotless integrity, and his uniform adherence to his principles—withstanding his comparative obscurity and his

poverty, he is more to be honored than many of his predecessors and successors, who have left behind them a brilliant reputation, and ample possessions and high dignities to their posterity.”—Vol. ii., p. 619.

The third of these volumes is in many respects the most interesting and important of the series. It deals with the half century of revolution between Lane and Somers—presenting vividly contrasted portraits of the chief judges of the commonwealth, and of men whose names are landmarks in English history—Clarendon—Shaftesbury—Nottingham—Guildford—Jeffreys—but so presenting these great figures that we have each in succession with the appropriate environment, and that, on quitting the gallery, we have received, perhaps, a clearer impression of the whole period than could be derived from any one volume of any class whatever that had been published hitherto. We are bound to add, that we leave it too with very great respect for the author’s candor. His whiggism is steady and bold; but we have not discovered one instance in which party feelings have interfered with his personal estimate of a tory. He appears to us to have fixedly aimed at justice. He has spared no pains in balancing testimonies. His summaries of character are always those of a judge who has at least used his best endeavor to rid his mind of all prejudice. We can expect no better.

The literary skill of the composition is also much to be admired. He has managed to reproduce general history in a series of professional biographies, without almost ever exposing himself to the charge of trespassing beyond the bounds of his avowed province. This required very great dexterity. The labor must have been vast that reached such results: yet the whole has the stimulating effect of a work written *con amore*.

As often as any prominent character or event of this pregnant half century shall be brought under discussion, Lord Campbell’s authority and decision will have to be weighed and studied. We may, therefore, adhere with a safe conscience to the humble plan of this paper, and merely amuse ourselves, and we hope our readers, with a few *notabilia*—such things as we naturally marked with our pencil on a first perusal.

It was during the Long Parliament that the custom of *pairing off* was first introduced (iii. 26.) A Presbyterian and an Independent, agreeing in little else, sympathized at the dinner-hour, and withdrew to sit at meat together in some neighboring tavern, and return together when satisfied. By and bye honorable members took courage to trust each other’s words; and whig and tory pairs now-a-days do not very often retire for a tête-à-tête chop at the club.

Lord Campbell’s views as to Cromwell will not please our good friend Mr. Thomas Carlyle, who, we believe, has nearly finished a biography of Oliver as the model of a “king.” For example, the night before the “bauble” was removed, there was a meeting at Whitehall, attended by the principal officers of the army and the heads of the Independents:—

“The officers of the army inveighed bitterly against the parliament, and declared violently for a change. Cromwell reproved them for these expressions of opinion,—from which those who knew him best conjectured that he had prompted their project, and that he was resolved at all risks to support it.”

The parties reassembled next morning, and again no agreement was come to. Whitelock retired with his mind in utter obscurity.

"Historians profess themselves wholly at a loss to account for the open, imperious, and frantic manner in which Cromwell a few hours after expelled the members from the house—which they consider as inconsistent with his general character—not attending to the fact that to gain his object he had previously exhausted all the arts of intrigue, deceit, and hypocrisy."—Vol. iii., p. 52.

We find, on the subject of "Chancery delays," in the days of Charles II., a note which gives us a curious anecdote of a gentleman but recently lost to the social world which he had long embellished:—

"The late Mr. Jekyll told me that soon after he was called to the bar, a strange solicitor coming up to him in Westminster Hall, begged him to step into the Court of Chancery to make a motion of course, and gave him a fee. The young barrister looking pleased, but a little surprised, the solicitor said to him, 'I thought you had a sort of right, sir, to this motion, for the bill was drawn by Sir Joseph Jekyll, your great-grand-uncle, in the reign of Queen Anne.'"

Perhaps the most *picturesque* of all these lives is the last—that of Lord Jeffreys, whose atrocious celebrity as a criminal judge has almost absorbed the memory of his ever having held the great seal.

After going through the crowded vicissitudes of Lord Jeffreys' career, one is startled at reading that it closed when he was only forty years of age. Of very humble origin, (the son of a little Welsh shopkeeper,) with no influential connexions, never suspected even of severe application in any line of study—that he should have risen to be recorder of London at the age of thirty, is sufficient proof that his natural talents were very extraordinary. His profligacy accounts too well for his subsequent elevations; but even Roger North admits, that when under no excitement either of politics or of brandy, the chief justice of England was the most dignified judge he ever saw on any bench; and Lord Campbell pronounces his decisions as chancellor to have been in general much to his credit. That was morning work; that he ever was entirely sober after mid-day, during his prominent years, we much doubt; that latterly he had drunk himself into a species of insanity, there is little question. The whole story is told by Lord Campbell with most thrilling effect: but we shall extract only two or three brief passages.

The last sentence of the following paragraph is worthy of the sagacity of Tacitus, or the sarcasm of Macchiavelli:—

"James, far from abandoning his plans, was more resolute to carry them into effect. The Earl of Rochester, his own brother-in-law, and others who had hitherto stood by him, having in vain remonstrated against his madness, resigned their offices; but Jeffreys still recklessly pushed him forward in his headlong career. In open violation of the test act, four Catholic lords were introduced into the cabinet, and one of them, Lord Bellasis, was placed at the head of the treasury in the room of the Protestant Earl of Rochester. Among such colleagues the lord chancellor was contented to sit in council, and the wonder is, that he did not follow the example of Sunderland and other renegades who, at this time, to please the king, professed to change their religion, and were reconciled to the Church of Rome. Perhaps, with his peculiar sa-

gacity, Jeffreys thought it would be a greater sacrifice in the king's eyes to appear to be daily wounding his conscience by submitting to measures which he must be supposed inwardly to condemn."—Vol. iii., p. 554.

Our next quotation may deserve particular attention:—

"The Earl of Castlemaine was sent to Rome, regularly commissioned as ambassador to his holiness the pope, a papal nuncio being reciprocally received at St. James'. But however impolitic this step might be, I do not think that the king and the chancellor are liable to be blamed, as they have been by recent historians, for having in this instance violated acts of parliament. If all those are examined which had passed from the commencement of the reformation down to the 'bill of rights,' it will probably be found that none of them can be applied to a diplomatic intercourse with the pope.

"Whether this is now forbidden depends upon the construction to be put on the words in the bill of rights, 'shall hold communion with the see or church of Rome.' James' diplomatic intercourse with the pope is not there alleged as one of his infractions, by which he had sought to subvert the religion and liberties of the kingdom."—Vol. iii., p. 855.

We should not be greatly surprised to find the preceding sentences made the subject of discussion during some not remote session of parliament.

"When we read in history of civil commotions and foreign invasions, we are apt to suppose that all the ordinary business of life was suspended. But on inquiry, we find that it went on pretty much as usual, unless where interrupted by actual violence. While the Prince of Orange was advancing to the capital, and James was marching out to give him battle, if his army would have stood true—the Court of Chancery sat regularly to hear 'exceptions' and 'motions for time to plead;' and on the very day on which the Princess Anne fled to Nottingham, and her unhappy father exclaimed, in the extremity of his agony, 'God help me! my own children have forsaken me,' the lord chancellor decided, that 'if an administrator pays a debt due by bond before a debt due by a decree in equity, he is still liable to pay the debt due by the decree.' (24th Nov. 1688. 2 Vernon, 88, Searle v. Lane.) This, however, appears to have been the last day of his sitting.

"He had," says North, 'a set of banterers for the most part near him, as in old time great men kept fools to make them merry. And these fellows, abusing one another and their betters, were a regale to him.' But there can be no doubt that he circulated in good society. He was not only much at court, but he exchanged visits with the nobility and persons of distinction in different walks of life. In the social circle, being entirely free from hypocrisy and affectation—from haughtiness and ill-nature—laughing at principle—courting a reputation for profligacy—talking with the utmost freedom of all parties and all men—he disarmed the censure of the world—and, by the fascination of his manners, while he was present, he threw an oblivion over his vices and his crimes.

"From Sir John Reresby we learn how very pleasant (if not quite decorous) must have been his parties in Duke Street.* 'I dined with the

* The chapel in Duke Street, Westminster, is a relic of Lord Jeffreys. It was the great hall of a mansion erected by him, and there he used to transact his judicial business out of term.

lord chancellor, where the lord mayor of London was a guest, and some other gentlemen. His lordship having, according to custom, drunk deep at dinner, called for one Mountfort, a gentleman of his, who had been a comedian, an excellent mimic; and to divert the company, as he was pleased to term it, he made him plead before him in a feigned cause, during which he aped the judges and all the great lawyers of the age, in their tone of voice and in their action and gesture of body, to the very great ridicule, not only of the lawyers, but of the law itself, which to me did not seem altogether so prudent in a man in his lofty station in the law: diverting it certainly was, but prudent in the lord chancellor I shall never think it.

"On one occasion dining in the city with Alderman Duncomb, the lord treasurer and other great courtiers being of the party—they worked themselves up to such a pitch of loyalty by bumpers to 'confusion to the whigs,' that they all stripped to their shirts and were about to get upon a sign post to drink the king's health—when they were accidentally diverted from their purpose—and the lord chancellor escaped the fate which befell Sir Charles Sedley, of being indicted for indecently exposing his person in the public streets. But this frolic brought upon him a violent fit of the stone, which nearly cost him his life.

"I should have expected that, boldly descending to the level of his company, and conscious of great mental power, he would have despised flattery; but it is said that none could be too fulsome for him, and this statement is corroborated by some dedications to him still extant. The pious author of the 'History of Oracles and the Cheats of the Pagan Priests,' (1688,) after lauding his great virtues and actions, thus proceeds:—'Nor can the unthinking and most malicious of your enemies reproach your lordship with self-interest in any of your services, since all the world knows that when they were thought criminal, nay even punishable, you had nothing left you but HONOR, JUSTICE, and INNOCENCE.'

"He was not only famous, like the Baron of Bradwardine, for his *chansons à boire*, but he had a scientific skill in music, of which we have proof at this day. There being a great controversy which of the two rival organ-builders, Smith or Harris, should be the artist to supply a new organ to the Temple Church, it was agreed that each should send one on trial, and that the lord chancellor should decide between them. He decreed for Smith—the deep and rich tones of whose organ still charm us. Harris' went to Wolverhampton, and is said to be of hardly inferior merit."—Vol. iii., pp. 590, 591.

Jeffreys having on the downfall of James assumed the disguise of a common sailor, and secured a berth in a merchant vessel bound for the continent, might in all likelihood have escaped in safety—but for his love of strong liquors. He would be put ashore in the morning to taste the beer of the Red Cow at Whapping—and was, although he wore a tarpaulin jacket, and had shaved off his terrible eyebrows, recognized in that pothouse by an attorney whom he had recently browbeaten in the Court of Chancery. The result is well known. It is new, to us at least, that just before the catastrophe James had promoted him to the Earldom of *Flint*. The patent could not have passed the seal.

We need hardly say that we shall expect with great interest the continuation of this performance.

But the present series of itself is more than sufficient to give Lord Campbell a high station among the English authors of his age.

RESISTANCE TO PHYSICAL SUFFERING.—A posthumous work, by Mr. Loudon, just published, entitled "Self Instruction for young Gardeners," &c., is preceded by an account of the author's life, which presents a remarkable picture of the influence of a strong will in resisting the effects of disease. Such was Mr. Loudon's industry, that he sat up two nights of the week to study; when actively engaged he allowed himself (and others) but four hours sleep; dictated to two amanuenses at the same time; and rose at four in the morning to overlook a speculation, when suffering from severe illness and bodily pain. After submitting to the amputation of an arm, he wished to go to business, as if nothing had happened, and was with difficulty got to bed. He dictated the above-mentioned work, "Self-Instruction," till the midnight before his death, and died standing. "Fortunately," says Mrs. Loudon, "I perceived a change taking place in his countenance; and I had just time to clasp my arms around him, to save him from falling, when his head sank upon my shoulder, and he was no more." A large brain and a nervous-bilious temperament have frequently impelled individuals to efforts of this description, but never perhaps to such an extent as in the present instance. In no case, however, are they to be held up as examples. The harmonious exercise of the entire organization is essential to the healthy action of each individual organ; and those who attempt to develop to an increased degree the power of the brain, by exercising it to the neglect of the due exercise of the heart, the stomach, the lungs, or any other portion of the system, will soon find by sad experience, what they would never have doubted with regard to any other structure, namely, that an attempt to strengthen one part at the expense of another can only accelerate the destruction of the whole.

CHESTNUTS AS FOOD.—Each family possesses or purchases what they call a patch of forest; the price is estimated according to the average quantity of chestnuts annually produced. The fruit is gathered in October and November, immediately smoked-dried on mats made of cane, with a fire beneath, (shelled by being beaten in sacks,) ground in a mill to a fine flour; which, wet with water and stirred to a paste, is spread on round hot stones between dried chestnut leaves; and a cake is produced resembling our crumpet or Scottish scone, and called *necci*, or *netchy* according to our pronunciation. This substantial food costs a third less and often only half the price of wheaten flour, and goes further in sustaining the hungry peasantry: but too much rain, or too little, or the least frost, ruins their harvest. The poorer classes are permitted to glean after a certain day: and all chestnuts that fall on the high road are public property. I once asked an old man, past eighty, with seven in family, if he had gathered enough! "Yes," he said, "sufficient to sustain us till Christmas: after that, God will provide." And such is the general spirit of faith and resignation among these poor people, whom we find always grateful and contented.—*Mrs. Stisted's Letters*.

MAKING A NOSE TO LEAD THE PUBLIC BY.

[The Picayune copies a case of the Rhinoplastic operation lately performed in New York, and thus moralizes.]

This operation is said to have been first performed in India. It was more recently revived by Professor Diffenbach of Berlin, and was practised successfully on a number of Bonaparte's officers and soldiers who lost their noses from frost-bite during the disastrous campaign in Russia.

Though there have not been many cases of this nature reported by the surgeons in the United States, there is every reason to believe that the rhinoplastic art has long been understood and practised by politicians, who discovered that that huge personification called the "body politic" had no nose. It is a clear case that no ambitious man or set of men can "lead the public by the nose" unless that organ is in full force and development. It is equally clear that the party which performs the rhinoplastic operation upon the body politic has a better claim to lead public opinion; for the nose by which this is attained is in fact the nose of that party.

It often happens, however, that one man lays hold of another man's nose, and disputes arise as to the real proprietor of the various noses by which the public is led. Some noses, too, pull off in the process of drawing the people by them, and others are literally worn away by excessive handling. An apt illustration of these ideas is furnished by recent examples. When Mr. Tyler got to be President, he fancied that the old circulating medium, or paper nose which the whigs had been tugging at for a long time, had become too ragged and thin for a good pull, and disliking the sub-treasury as a pug, he incontinently went to work to manufacture a new independent nose—a nose all his own. His first essay was a glass one, compounded of honesty and patriotism crystalized in equal portions. This nose was too transparent—the people saw through it, and consequently would not be led by it. It was brittle, also, and broke off close up the cheek. But honest John did not stop at that. Seeing the body politic without any good and sufficient proboscis, he cast around him and presently bethought of performing the rhinoplastic operation out of Texas. This was not exactly taking the "flap out of the forehead" as surgeons were in the habit of doing, but John could not perceive why the deficient organ might not be supplied from the dorsal integument or sternum. The Texas nose proved a sneezer, but as Mr. Tyler was complacently admiring the public phasis in this new feature, Mr. Polk laid hold of it as his property, and after a short struggle the American Diffenbach was fain to yield his invention to the behoof of another.

Texas is annexed. She is no longer a nose, but a portion of the noseless body politic—and a very credible portion, too. Since she has been absorbed, the ingenuity of political doctors has been sorely taxed to find a new one. Oregon, California, and even the Canadas have been successively examined to see if they may not become rhinoplastic materials. Mr. Levy, of Florida, not aspiring to the credit of manufacturing an entire organ, has discovered, nevertheless, that Cuba would make a very respectable wart on the next nose that is adopted. Now, we have no objection to making noses out of adjoining territory, as it does away with the necessity of mangling the veritable

body politic; but in this process the manufacturers ought to be ready to defend its nose if John Bull, or any other Johnny, should seek to pull us by it. Foreign powers might take it into their heads "to make a handle" of our new noses, and in that case the United States ought to blow them—not the noses—to the four winds.

But enough of noses for the present, though it might be shown that every State has proposed a nose in its turn. Pennsylvania thinks that an iron nose would be a most durable and dignified organ; Louisiana imagines a sugar candy nose would give a sweet expression to the countenance; New York regards the example of Lot's wife, as inculcating a scriptural precedent in favor of noses of salt; Mississippi wishes the nose stuffed with cotton, to keep it in shape, whilst North Carolina contends, with good reason, that any nose adopted should be daubed with tar to make it stick and prevent infectious diseases. Other States might be reviewed in this connection; but we will conclude this dissertation by recalling a prevalent custom, the significance of which is not generally understood in its philosophic and derivative interest. If any one attempts to bamboozle or do a boy in the streets, the lad will, if up to snuff, put his thumb to his nose and titillate the air with his fingers—perform certain fancy gyrations easily understood but difficult to describe. Most people look upon this movement as a piece of vulgar buffoonery; but it is not. The boy understands the science of noses, as practised by politicians, and merely intimates by the gesture that the rhinoplastic operation cannot be come upon him.

RECOVERY OF ANIMATION BY GALVANISM.—

Some days ago a person residing at Ferrybridge, a potter by trade, came home intoxicated, and abused and ill-treated his wife. Being a nervous person, she could not endure this treatment, and resolved to leave him, and ran out in a state of nudity. Not having returned at the expiration of a long time, the neighbors went in search of her. After examining all probable houses and places where she was thought to be, without success, it was deemed proper to drag the canal, some thinking she might have jumped in there; but in the mean time one of the party found her behind a building, to all appearance dead from starvation. She was carried into the house, and Mr. P. Atkinson, surgeon, was sent for, who used and administered every proper means to restore her, but of no avail, life appearing extinct. After nearly three hours' exertions in chafing the body, applying warm flannels, &c., Mr. Atkinson sent for Mr. Charter, late of Kirbymoorside, schoolmaster, requesting him to bring his powerful galvanic Bachoffner's machine, which he had just constructed. This was very soon put in readiness with one of Daniell's sustaining batteries, and taken to the patient's house, who still remained inanimate. The machine was promptly applied, and in eight or ten seconds signs of life were apparent. After passing two shocks through the body, from the right to the left breast, the lungs began to heave, the heart and pulse to beat, and to the astonishment and gratification of a number of witnesses, she exclaimed, "What are you doing? Where am I?" Another slight shock was given, when she was enabled to sit upright; sickness followed, and animation was completely restored. She is now fast recovering.—*York Courant*.

From the Spectator.

LEIGH HUNT'S STORIES FROM THE ITALIAN POETS.*

It is a relief to turn from the unskilful or trading compilations of the day, and from fictions where the artist is sunk in the craftsman, to a work like this, where a cognate spirit and the voluntary studies of years are applied *con amore* to a congenial theme. Leigh Hunt shows, we think, to greater advantage in these *Stories from the Italian Poets* than he ever did before. Years have mellowed his genius and refined his taste, without diminishing his buoyant spirit or his wide sympathies with humanity. His style is as varied, as easy, and as graceful as ever, but without the old affectations, and with greater strength and closeness; which is the same as saying that his matter is more weighty. Above all, the more mollified spirit of the age is visible in his lives of the Italian poets; upon whose misfortunes his commentary, if not his research, throws a juster light, whilst he defends their alleged persecutors from the high-sounding abuse that has been heaped upon them. Time and experience, too, have brought a juster though a harder estimate of human things; and genius is not upheld as an all in all, or an excuse for misdeeds, or even as a necessity for misfortune.

"Poor, illustrious Tasso! weak enough to warrant pity from his inferiors—great enough to overshadow in death his once-fancied superiors. He has been a by-word for the misfortunes of genius: but genius was not his misfortune; it was his only good, and might have brought him all happiness. It is the want of genius, as far as it goes, and apart from martyrdoms for conscience' sake, which produces misfortunes even to genius itself—the want of as much wit and balance on the common side of things as genius is supposed to confine to the uncommon."

The work consists of two great divisions—one, the "Stories from the Italian Poets;" the other, biographical and critical notices of the authors from whom the tales are drawn. These are the great narrative poets of Italy—Dante, born in 1265; Pulci, 1431; Boiardo, 1434; Ariosto, 1474; and Tasso, 1544. The weight of Dante's great work has induced Mr. Hunt to present an abstract of the whole. With the other writers, the most interesting and presentable stories—in some cases incidents rather—are taken from their works, drawn together when the narrative is interrupted by other parts of the poem intervening, and translated into prose. In the case of Dante, Mr. Hunt has omitted his tedious lectures on scholastic divinity, and other lumber of his age; the diffuse and discursive Pulci has often been abridged; some omissions are made in the other poets, to give greater closeness and rapidity to the narrative; and gross faults of style and taste, such as conceits, are dropped, especially in Tasso; but nothing is presented to the reader that is not of the original authors. The stories are accompanied by notes, generally of a critical or reflective character; and some more striking passages are printed in an appendix in the original Italian, so as to furnish a help or stimulus to the tyro and a means of comparison to the advanced student.

As we hold to the impossibility of a poetical translation conveying an exact resemblance of the original, and believe that the best idea of an author is to be obtained by a translation literally faithful

however coarse it may be, the design of Mr. Hunt's work will not be objected to by us. Great felicity of language, and strength of diction, arising from the genius of the author and the idiom in which he writes, must be lost in prose: but who can retain them in verse, even though the translator may sometimes soar above his original? Everything else can be presented in prose: structure, disposition, characters, and sentiments, not only can be exhibited with more accuracy and truth, but are more likely so to be, because the translator is not fettered by the necessities or tempted by some prettinesses of his verse. Language, in fact, with the melody and movement of verse, (which are but forms of language,) are all we lose by a prose translation. In a poetical attempt we do not gain *them*, (whatever may be substituted,) whilst we are almost certain to lose in more material things.

The Italian writers are more especially adapted for a translation upon the principles of Mr. Leigh Hunt as displayed in these volumes. Whether from their language, their genius, or the circumstances of their country, there is much in them that is better away; often mere diffuseness, often matter which, whatever its temporary interest, attracts no longer as based upon no system of life or natural possibility, and, unlike the tales of knight-errantry from which it was derived, not believed by the writers themselves. Dante is an exception as regards diffuseness of style; but he had theological and philosophical matter which has long since passed to the limbo of vanity, and constrains him, like his greater competitor on similar occasions, "serpent-like in prose to sweep the ground." A good plan, however, is not of much importance without a corresponding execution. On this ground Mr. Hunt is entitled to great praise. Without any attempt at poetical ornament, or vitiating his prose by a mixed style, he seems to have aimed at transfusing the spirit of his originals—condensed, stern, lively, garrulous, or as it may be. For these reasons, we think, *Stories from the Italian Poets* in some sense better than the originals, unless to those who can read Italian with a relishing comprehension akin to a native's. For those who have slight acquaintance with the language, or none at all, the volume offers the shortest and pleasantest cut to a knowledge of the substance and manner of the five great poets of Italy. To the student it will be of use as furnishing him with a broad idea of the poems before he commences their study. As mere tales they are of great interest. No poetical translation we have ever seen approaches in clearness, force, or impressiveness, to the story of Dante's "Journey through Hell."

The stories, however, are not the only feature of the book. The biographical notices are equally interesting, and of course exhibit more of Mr. Hunt's own characteristics, improved, as we have already intimated. In every life, the leading incidents of the man's career, the personal traits which distinguished him, and the literary characteristics of his works and genius, are presented with brevity, vivacity, and pleasantness. The principal events are distinctly marked, but there is nothing of dry and formal narrative: the essence of preceding authorities has been distilled, and impregnated with the spirit of Leigh Hunt's genius, more sensible than we ever met it, yet not a whit less tolerant or less animated. Sometimes he may pursue his critical instances of faults into a too great minuteness; and Ariosto seems to die suddenly and before his time, from the biographer having aimed too

* Reprinted by Wiley & Putnam, New York.

much at exhibiting the general spirit of the life, and neglected to let the epochs carry their date. One and all, however, are admirable notices of the great Italian poetic constellation; pith and marrow endowed with vitality.

This is particularly the case with the two most elaborate, Dante and Tasso; upon whose lives a new light is shed, somewhat destructive of wonder and romance. The repulsive and unamiable traits of Dante, his ferocity of disposition, his party hatreds, and his indulgent self-will, are put forward in justice to the world, and in explanation of the life of exile and unhappiness which he endured: yet the poet's humanity is never lost sight of by the reader in a merely critical indictment; nor the influence of the age in its effect upon the forms in which Dante's bitterness found vent; for the bitterness itself, our author holds, was there in him.

"There is a sketch of his countenance, in his younger days, from the immature but sweet pencil of Giotto; and it is a refreshment to look at it, though pride and discontent, I think, are discernible in its lineaments. It is idle, and no true compliment to his nature, to pretend, as his mere worshippers do, that his face owes all its subsequent gloom and exacerbation to external causes, and that he was in every respect the poor victim of events—the infant changed at nurse by the wicked. What came out of him he must have had in him, at least in the germ; and so inconsistent was his nature altogether, or, at any rate, such an epitome of all the graver passions that are capable of coexisting, both sweet and bitter, thoughtful and outrageous, that one is sometimes tempted to think he must have had an angel for one parent, and—I shall leave his own toleration to say what—for the other."

If not equal in force, the *Life of Tasso* is superior in delicate discrimination. The restlessness—the endless suspicions, especially of his friends—the exaction of attentions, which if not granted offended him, and when given raised in him the idea that he was flouted under the forms of respect—the mobility of disposition, which drove him to quit places not only without motive but against his interest—and his crowning violence of language—are all marked with great nicety; the author not only penetrating to the core of his authorities, but his imagination grasping results beyond the mere letter—as in this account of the poet's journey to visit his sister, after making his escape from a sort of surveillance to which he had been subjected at Ferrara.

"The unhappy poet selected the loneliest ways he could find, and directed his course to the kingdom of Naples, where his sister lived. He was afraid of pursuit; he probably had little money; and, considering his ill health and his dread of the Inquisition, it is pitiable to think what he may have endured while picking his long way through the back states of the Church and over the mountains of Abruzzo, as far as the Gulf of Naples. For better security, he exchanged clothes with a shepherd; and as he feared even his sister at first, from doubting whether she still loved him, his interview with her was in all its circumstances painfully dramatic. Cornelia Tasso, now a widow, with two sons, was still residing at Sorrento; where the poet, casting his eyes around him as he proceeded towards the house, must have beheld with singular feelings of wretchedness the lovely spots in which he had been a happy little boy. He did not an-

nounce himself at once. He brought letters, he said, from the lady's brother; and it is affecting to think, that whether his sister might or might not have retained otherwise any personal recollection of him since that time, (for he had not seen her in the interval,) his disguise was completed by the alterations which sorrow had made in his appearance. For, at all events, she did not know him. She saw in him nothing but a haggard stranger who was acquainted with the writer of the letters, and to whom they referred for particulars of the risk which her brother ran unless she could afford him her protection. These particulars were given by the stranger with all the pathos of the real man, and the loving sister fainted away. On her recovery, the visitor said what he could to reassure her, and then by degrees discovered himself. Cornelia welcomed him in the tenderest manner. She did all that he desired; and gave out to her friends that the gentleman was a cousin from Bergamo, who had come to Naples on family affairs."

If any doubt is felt as to the completeness of the *Life of Tasso*, it is that Mr. Hunt's conclusions scarcely equal his premises. One half of his narrative suffices to show that the poet's intellect was deranged; yet he seems at the last to shrink from the obvious conclusions, of madness, and that the duke's conduct and the alleged mysteries are all intelligible enough. Full justice, too, seems hardly done to the prince. Mr. Hunt indeed defends him from the exaggerated charges of poets and sentimentalists; but the case, like all such cases, was exceedingly difficult to treat. The duke seems to have borne a good deal of fretfulness and violent language, as well as want of ingenuousness, or more truly the cunning of the deranged: his order to confine Tasso seems to have been a last resource to keep him out of mischief. One main offence appears to have been not answering Tasso's letters; which, under the circumstances, would have been an endless task. And when we consider the treatment of the insane in those days, or for that matter within the last half-century in this country, that of Tasso appears to have been highly considerate. His friends visited him; he wrote enough to fill several volumes; and beyond the confinement and his own delusions, drenching with medicine seems to have been the great grievance. The duke may have acted without much tenderness or sufficient consideration, and he would doubtless have shown more of both could he have placed himself in the position of posterity: but this was of course impossible, and posterity should allow for the fact.

Many points and passages full of character and matter, and interesting from the subjects to which they relate, tempt us; but we must confine ourselves to one—a condensed view of the misfortunes, temper, and acts of Dante after his sentence of banishment.

"From that day forth, Dante never beheld again his home or his wife. Her relations obtained possession of power, but no use was made of it except to keep him in exile. He had not accorded with them; and perhaps half the secret of his conjugal discomfort was owing to politics. It is the opinion of some, that the married couple were not sorry to part; others think that the wife remained behind, solely to scrape together what property she could, and bring up the children. All that is known is, that she never lived with him more."

"Dante now certainly did what his enemies had accused him of wishing to do: he joined the old

exiles whom he had helped to make such, the party of the Ghibellines. He alleges that he was never really of any party but his own; a naïve confession, probably true in one sense, considering his scorn of other people, his great intellectual superiority, and the large views he had for the whole Italian people. And, indeed, he soon quarrelled in private with the individuals composing his new party, however staunch he apparently remained to their cause. His former associates he had learned to hate for their differences with him, and for their self-seeking; he hated the pope for deceiving him; he hated the pope's French allies for being his allies, and interfering with Florence; and he had come to love the emperor for being hated by them all, and for holding out (as he fancied) the only chance of reuniting Italy to their confusion, and making her the restorer of himself and the mistress of the world.

"With these feelings in his heart, no money in his purse, and no place in which to lay his head, except such as chance-patrons afforded him, he now began to wander over Italy, like some lonely lion of a man, 'grudging in his great disdain.' At one moment he was conspiring and hoping; at another, despairing, and endeavoring to conciliate his beautiful Florence: now again catching hope from some new movement of the emperor's; and then, not very handsomely threatening and rebusing her; but always pondering and grieving, or trying to appease his thoughts with some composition, chiefly of his great work. It is conjectured, that whenever anything particularly affected him, whether with joy or sorrow, he put it, hot with the impression, into his 'sacred poem.' Everybody who jarred against his sense of right or his prejudices he sent to the infernal regions, friend or foe: the strangest people who sided with them (but certainly no personal foe) he exalted to heaven. He encouraged, if not personally assisted, two ineffectual attempts of the Ghibellines against Florence; wrote, besides his great work, a book of mixed prose and poetry on 'Love and Virtue,' (the *Convito*, or *Banquet*;) a Latin treatise on Monarchy, (*de Monarchia*;) recommending the 'divine right' of the emperor; another in two parts, and in the same language, on the vernacular Tongue, (*de Vulgari Eloquentia*;) and learned to know meanwhile, as he affectingly tells us, 'how hard it was to climb other people's stairs, and how salt the taste of bread is that is not our own.' It is even thought not improbable, from one awful passage of his poem, that he may have 'placed himself in some public way,' and 'stripping his visage of all shame, and trembling in his very vitals,' have stretched out his hand 'for charity'—an image of suffering, which, proud as he was, yet considering how great a man, is almost enough to make one's common nature stoop down for pardon at his feet; and yet he should first prostrate himself at the feet of that nature for his outrages on God and man."

From the Examiner.

Fisher's Drawing-Room Scrap-Book, 1846. By the Hon. Mrs. Norton. Fisher & Co.

MRS. NORTON succeeded L. E. L. in the editorship of this volume, and in the grace and versatility of her poetical contributions to it. The subjects are in no case, we believe, left to the poet's choice. It is a yearly collection, or scrap-book, of prints already used in other ways by the publisher; por-

traits, landscapes, scenes from history, and fanciful designs—selected for anything, we should say, rather than their poetical capabilities; and set before the editor for poetical illustration. We mention this to show the difficulties overcome: there being no failure to extenuate or account for. It is something to do what only the best writers can do—invest a commonplace with beauty. Poetry has been doing it ever since the world began, "Hanging a pearl in every cowslip's ear."

Much of the art of this scrap-book—as of all scrap-books and annuals now-a-days, in truth—is wonderfully common-place: yet is this the last word by which we may describe its verses. Their ease of adaptation to subjects the most ungenial, great as it is, is not their greatest merit. We might have that—without the pointed moral, the witty fancy, the eloquent and touching truth, the hearty and honest satire, which we also find in the volume. And this, whether the subject be a portrait by Kneller, by Reynolds, by Lawrence, or by Ross; a sprawling Dutch print of the Soothing of Saul, a dull French print of Coriolanus and his Mother, or an inconceivably flat English print of King Charles and his Children.

If asked to name the single poem in which the most of these fine qualities are shown, we should at once select the illustration to Sir William Ross' miniature portrait of the childhood of "Lady Adela Corisande Maria Villiers, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Jersey." The verses were written, we believe printed, before the event which gave an unexpected "fugitive" interest to their fair theme. The writer, simply regarding this portrait of a young lady of high birth, was moved to think of the influences at work around her; and has written a poem, as it seems to us, of surpassing beauty. A manifest and profound truthfulness in the feeling of it, makes the satire of it very terrible.

The beauty of thy starlike eyes, as radiant as the summer skies—
I first beheld in early years, before my own grew used to tears.
And if thy picture had been sent, for meed of printed compliment,
In those, my inexperienced days—I might have given it vaguest praise,
Writ with a tame and girlish pen. But I have seen "the world" since then,
Have seen the world, and taken measure of hearts that lead a life of pleasure,
And rather should compassionate the dangers of thy brilliant fate,
Wondering who thy bark shall guide—while tossing on that sea of pride,
What may be thy after fruit, flower with poison round thy root,
What the blossom thou shalt bear, in that world's cold atmosphere.
Wilt thou dwell in peace apart—happy in thy own young heart!
Gentle mother—faithful wife—star of a retired life!
Or will charm and beauty be, things of notoriety, Like hers, whose haughty power defied, the coming of the royal bride! *
Wilt thou in thy beauty's bloom—learn to rule, yet not presume—
Keeping safe the meeker way—loved and honored; who shall say!

* See the account given of the arrival of Caroline of Brunswick, in the lately-published Letters of the Earl of Malmesbury, and other memoirs of the time.

At this moment pictures rise, vividly before my eyes,
 Of the ladies I have known, occupying Fashion's throne—
 Some were meek and wise and good—some seemed made of painted wood—
 Jointed just enough to move—not enough to live and love—
 Some but empty ciphers were—some like angels pure and fair—
 Two, above the rest, I mark; one for light and one for dark.
 Striving, restless, angry, loud; pushing through a yielding crowd,
 With a kind of reckless force, (as a horseman clears a course;)
 Balancing excess of scorn, for the crowd not greatly born,
 By excess of humble crouching, (inner slavishness avouching,)
 To the magnates and the stars—generals of successful wars—
 Princes of the reigning houses—with serene or royal spouses—
 All the greater idolizing—all the weaker tyrannizing—
 Now with knees on stiffened hinges—now with servile supple cringes—
 Learning easily to bend—to a prince, but not a friend—
 Setting Virtue's limitation, not by conduct but by station—
 Proving, spite of Truth's effulgence, Fashion's Catholic indulgence
 Stands on sale for fair requital in a coronet and title.
 And the rugged path of sinners, (greatly smoothed by giving dinners,)
 Can be paved and railed away, for the feet of finer clay :—
 Such a one—in earnest truth—I remember, from my youth!
 Gentle, gracious, quiet, meek—with the frank light on her cheek,
 Of an ancient noble line, that needs no mask of playing "fine,"
 Or bold assumption to determine, the claim to several bars of ermine.
 Too highly bred, too highly born, to put on airs of vulgar scorn,
 Too certain of her own degree, to grudge the meed of courtesy,
 (That meed, so small a thing to give—so kindly pleasant to receive;)
 Still speaking in sweet undertone—with nothing in her to make known
 To the crowds who round her bow—she is high, and they are low—
 Except that Nature gave her face, such natural majesty and grace,
 That they who watch to see her pass, confess distinction in her class,
 Something more dignified and fair, and more serene than others are :
 Inclining from her own good heart, to pause and take the weaker part :
 No warring, climbing, and resisting—accepting homage, not insisting—
 And gaining more than ever yet was granted with displeased regret,
 To all the plotting and contriving, of those for Fashion's empire striving ;—

This also I have seen; and know—the picture faithful, painted so.

Now, which of these shall seem to thee, the better worldly path to be,
 Lies folded in the future years, which hold thy joys, thy hopes, and fears.
 The good choice lies far off, before thee—thy life's young angel watcheth o'er thee—
 And kindly, yet, thy star-like eyes reflect the glow of summer skies;
 Oh! never may their tarnished light, by worldly contact grow less bright;
 Nor the sweet fount of light supplied, grow dim with tears, or cold with pride!

The "good choice" lay "far off," or seemed so, when the lines were written: but the choice that was so soon to imply escape from what is here so bitterly set forth, let us hope was not ill made. In the two contrasted pictures, the "fair" will be recognized, we think, as easily as the "dark."

MISS MARTINEAU'S FOREST AND GAME LAW TALES.

FRIENDS have suggested to Miss Martineau that the apparently impending change in the game-laws "might be made in a more wise, easy, and amicable manner, if a clear knowledge of the operation of the present system on all parties concerned were more general than it is found to be;" and it "has been represented to her that this last object might be promoted by such a work as she is venturing to offer." Hence the origin of *Forest and Game Law Tales*; which are to delineate the working of the system, from the time of Canute to the present day. The first of the three volumes is devoted to what are properly the forest-laws; embrace the period between their origin under Canute and their abolition by the long parliament; and consist of four tales, each of which aims at displaying the most striking evil of a particular period. "Merdhin," the first tale, is laid under the Danish conquest—of which, by the bye, it is a more cogent illustration than of the forest-laws, since accident leads to their violation by Merdhin through the disgraceful penalty of collecting wolfs' tongues arbitrarily imposed upon him by a subordinate Danish officer; all which is duly set right by Canute himself. "The Manor and the Eyrie" is a Saxo-Norman story; involving the misery produced by the formation of the new forest, the expulsion of a Saxon noble from his manor-house, and his subsequent refuge in the north as a sort of Robin Hood; where he heads the northern war against William, and dies through the treacherous arts of a Norman monk. "The Staunch and their Work" belongs to the time of John; the bearing of the incidents on the forest-laws illustrates the fines and other oppression laid upon the yeoman or franklin, on the plea that he had wrongfully broken up and cultivated forest-land, in defiance of all proofs of rightful possession; but the barons and Magna Charta are the most conspicuous features in this tale. "Old Landmarks and Old Laws" brings us down to the days of Charles the First; and a noble, Lord Southampton, is the victim; rents for his estate to more than its value being claimed by the crown, on the pretence of its having been forest; and the wrong is only righted by the long parliament.

The main object in this tale is strictly developed; Old Parr and the subsequent misfortunes of Charles being used to vary the interest—though the patriarch seems also introduced for a very covert comparison of mesmerism with Harvey's discovery of the circulation.

The striking excellence of Miss Martineau as a didactic writer consists in her power of animating her authorities. Notwithstanding the number of her philosophies in fiction, we doubt whether she has a view of her own, unless it be the commonplace ethics of the party to which she belongs; but her power is unrivalled in embodying and animating the views of other people. No matter what the subject or the opinion, abstruse argument starts up into action, incident, actors, and dialogue, under her magic pen. The theories of Malthus or Ricardo, Adam Smith or M'Culloch—the views of Bloomfield, or Chadwick, or whatever Homeric pen expounded the evils of the old poor-laws—the description of the Channel Islands by Inglis—the *Spectator's* arguments in favor of the house-tax—in short, anything that may be put before her is transformed into a didactic tale, where the philosophy is presented with surprising accuracy in action and discourse. But it is merely presented. No consideration has tested, no judgment has modified the view; it is an affair of advocacy—perhaps of something more implicit, for the *brief* is simply embodied in a tale. There is something very analogous in the essential parts of her fiction. So far as we know, the structure or framework is always her own; but, unless her authorities give her the manners as well as the matter, her persons are mostly of her own age, and talk much after her own fashion. If we rightly understand the preface, Miss Martineau has been greatly indebted to matter laid before friend Bright's parliamentary committee on the game-laws; and as blue books are not very celebrated for presenting in polished verse, or any other shape, "the manners and the mind," the authoress has been thrown upon her own resources for delineating the people of those ancient times; and the consequence is, they wear a very modern air. Saxons and Danes, down even to shepherds and so forth, discourse in very Martineau strain; nor do we see much difference between the speech of Canute and the rest. The feelings, the sufferings, the very madness that oppression makes, are of a modern and slightly melodramatic cast, when the Saxons are ousted from their Hampshire possessions; though the description has some skilful touches, and the outlaws are "woundily" philosophical, after the manner of the banished duke in *As you Like It*. Langton and some of the other barons are as sentimental and rhetorical at Runnymede as if they belonged to the brilliant school of our times; but the manners of Charles the First's days are rather better preserved, they being nearer our own, and more models existing—though even these are not devoid of the Martineau mannerism, everybody talking as he ought. The descriptions are all well done; and the incidents, though rather too obviously contrivances, are yet well contrived to bring out the recorded features of the time or the objects of the writer.—*Spectator*.

THE CONCEITS OF THE ISLES.

LITTLE men are charged with more than the average conceit, and little islands seem to share largely in the same foible. Man, forsooth, thought

itself ill-used when its bishop was taken away; it was big enough for an archbishop if it came to that. The Wight must have railroads. Guernsey aspires to commotions; an oyster-smack ran foul of it, and Guernsey declared it was visited with an earthquake, and to prove that it lay within the line of disturbance, it set about shooting the governor for holiday sport. And now Jersey is giving itself airs, and swaggering about with martial coxcombs. It is talking of defending itself. Hear the crow of the *Jersey Times*—

"FORTIFICATION OF JERSEY.—Things are now proceeding in earnest towards insuring the complete security of Jersey against the dangers of foreign invasion. *Clothing*, as we have already announced, was received a fortnight ago from London for the use of our island militia, together with 24 brass nine-pounders. The whole island militia force is divided into five different regiments. Altogether it may be considered to be about 4,000 strong, and in any case of emergency 1,000 more could be brought to the field."

More could be brought to the field! the *field*. Where is the field! There is nothing but a shore. The invading enemy must bring his field with him. The people in the Eddystone lighthouse might as well talk of taking the field against trespassers.

It is the peculiarity of Jersey, it seems, like some other very little bodies, to be always in arms—

"Although generally designated militia, the common idea associated with the term in England does not apply here. While the militia of England are only organized for a particular occasion, those of Jersey are always under arms. *In less than a dozen hours the whole force of the island could be prepared with their muskets on their shoulders to give battle to the foe.*"

A dozen hours! the militia of the island richly deserve the cat-o'-nine-tails if they cannot assemble in as many minutes. They should pipe all hands up as quickly as on board-ship, the main difference being that they have no ladders to ascend.

Here is a pretty flight of conceit—

"The nine-pounders just arrived are intended by government to replace the six-pounders which have hitherto been in use by our artillery. We certainly think the substitution of the heavier cannon an improvement; but we are at the same time of opinion that the *lighter guns should not be altogether removed from the island*. In a case of particular danger, it might be requisite that *cannon should be conveyed within a given time from one quarter of the island to another*. A transition of six-pounders could much more easily be effected than of nine-pounders."

Cannon conveyed from one quarter of the island to another! as if the island had any quarters! The nine-pounders would not have far to roll without tumbling into the sea. As for the substitution of the twelve-pounders, is it quite certain that Jersey will bear the recoil of such heavy pieces?

It would rather balk and disappoint an enemy attempting a landing if the island were to vanish from his sight with the first discharge of its artillery, like a cockney sportsman dropping from the kick of his gun.

Jersey being the most military of islets has a general coast, we find—

"Besides the martello towers, our *general coast* is also defended here and there by *forts in minia-*

ture, to prevent landing in particular localities—we would instance those of Rozel Bay, Grève de Lecq, St. Aubin's, and others, as particularly adapted for their special intent. *Let the French come when they will*, we shall welcome their approach, and, to borrow the words of the hero in the tragedy, we shall consign to purgatory the man who shall shout—"Hold! Enough!"

An enemy putting his foot on such a land will certainly never say "enough" of it. The conceit of talking of martello towers—the pretension to the plural is perfectly intolerable, as if there was room for more than one. We forgive "the forts in miniature," because we have seen a Gibraltar, an Acre, and an Algiers on the same card table.

We have a very great respect for the heroism of Jersey, especially as it shines out in the last defiance, bidding the French come if they dare now that the militia have got their new coats; but it seems to us that the valor exceeds the compass of the natal soil. The foot of the Achilles is too large for its pedestal.

We by no means underrate the importance of the island, and the defence of it; but would not every purpose of fortification be answered by a full-sized steel man-trap, and a whopping spring-gun, which might be set in those grounds, with wires conducting from every part of the coast, to the trigger. Under the protection of such an engine the valor of the island might sleep and snore, instead of breathing defiance in those burning words which must strike such terror into the kingdom of France.—*Examiner*.

TO A GREAT POET.

BY MARY HOWITT.

Thou art a true soul'd poet,
Skilled in the art divine;
And when my soul is weary
I read some lay of thine!
I never bought thy volumes,
Their worth is more than pelf;
They were given by those I honor—
The last thou gav'st thyself.
And when my soul is wearied;
When human life seems vain;
When all our best endeavors
Like wasted seed remain;
When pride, and rank, and splendor,
And the court that's paid to gold,
Oppress me, and my lips are mute,
And my heart is very cold,—
Then, then I read thy volume—
Thy latest and thy best—
And the smothered flame of human love
Re-kindles in my breast.
I walk the streets of London,
That city of joy and care—
That city of wealth uncounted,
And measureless despair.
The fallen daughter of beauty
I see through her disguise—
And gentle pity is in my heart,
And tears are in my eyes;
I see her smile heart-broken—
God! what a gulf between
Victoria, young and worshipped,
And the suicide Magdalene!

And yet they both are women—
Eve's daughters both; and chance
Hath only made them different!—
Such power hath circumstance!

—Up poet! up, be doing!
There's many a bitter wrong
That claims thy warm heart-sympathies,
And thy glorious gift of song!

List to those doleful voices,
That sing, "the sea! the sea!"
That have hardly rags to cover them—
That artisan family.

Famine is stamped on their faces,
'Tis an evening damp and bleak;
One little child goes on crutches,
And they are all thin and weak.

They want work, which none will give them,
Unfed, unwarmed, they pine;
They would reach the hearts of the people,
And they sing a song of thine!

—Up, poet! write for the farm slave,
Whose best estate is toil,
For the ill-paid, ill-taught thousands,
The children of the soil.

They feel the rich man's scorning,
They see their life, aghast,
Seventy years of hardship,
And the parish coffin at last.

They think the rich despise them;
That the gifted heed them not;
That want, and sorrow, and contumely,
Is the poor man's honest lot.

No wonder if they grow hardened,
If their hearts are mad with ire,
If they scare the hour of midnight
With the hellish glare of fire!

No wonder if deeds more deadly
Than this they darkly dare,
For in their souls is ignorance,
And in their hearts despair.

—Up poet! up, be doing,
A better day hath begun,
And man hath learnt to know that he
Is brother unto man.

The love He taught of Nazareth,
The poet well can teach;
His words of fire can strike the proud,
The meanest soul can reach.

He hath a large and gracious heart,
And like his master, mild,
Can sit with sinners and publicans,
And yet be undefiled.

Can see beyond the outward veil,
The heart that breaks within
The wretch's breast; can separate
'Twixt poverty and sin.

Can teach, can preach, is trumpet-tongued
To brand the tyrant's deed,
And then, as with an angel's voice,
For misery can plead.

'Tis his his task, the singer
Who doth his art no wrong,
Up poet, up, be doing!
Unsheath the sword of song!

Boston Atlas.

INTELLIGENCE.

THE POPE AND THE EVANGELICAL CHURCH.—A letter from Berlin, of November 24, in the "Journal de Frankfort," says:—"A rumor is current here that there is a prospect of the recognition of the Evangelical church by the Pontifical See. According to this account nothing can be more true than the news contained some months back, in letters from Rome declaring that the pope, after frequent conferences with his ministers and the heads of the Church, had no repugnance to make concessions to the Greek and Evangelical churches. Recent letters from Rome plainly indicate that the Pope is very favorably disposed to such conciliatory measures; and what principally inclines him to them, is the prudent impartiality exhibited by the Protestant princes on the occasion of the instantaneous movements which took place in the Catholic church, and of the attempts made to produce schisms therein. His Holiness has perfectly well perceived that the manner in which they have acted merits the gratitude of all Christendom. Besides, a letter from Rome within the last few days declares that 'the Pope's brief, sanctioning mixed marriages, was only the precursor of other arrangements, caused either by the events that have taken place in the Catholic church, or by the conduct of the Evangelical princes on that occasion.'"—*Examiner*, Dec. 6.

FRENCH PRESERVATION OF PEACE.*—Marshal Bugeaud appears to be following up his razzia and burning system in Algeria. The "National" of Tuesday, publishes two letters from that country, in which accounts are given of new atrocities by the French troops under the direct and immediate instructions of the governor-general. "Already thirteen villages in the country surrounding Tlemcen have been burned; Governor Bourjolly goes on killing, without mercy, every man who falls into his power. Fifty prisoners were shot in a single day; and in order to inaugurate in a becoming manner the new work of extermination, the horrible drama of the Dahra has been renewed. Two grottoes have been smoked, and God knows how many wretches who were in them perished." The "Echo de Vesone" gives the following from a letter written on the 19th ult. at Marshal Bugeaud's camp:—"The marshal reached Bel-Assel to-day, bringing with him the spoils of a monster razzia made in the environs of the Riou. General Bourjolly's column is on the Menassa, among the Flittas, where he has fixed his camp, at a place called Dad Sidi Ben Abdallah. From this spot he sends out detachments in every direction, as from a centre, to the extent of twelve and fifteen leagues, harassing the people, and killing without mercy every man they meet with. On the 7th, forty-four Bedouins were shot in the country of the Garbousas. Yesterday were scoured the frightful ravines of the Chaufas, in the country of the Sidi Gayas, and two grottoes, in which about one hundred persons had taken refuge, were filled with suffocating smoke. We are carrying on a war in the true spirit of Attila. Women and children alone are spared. Abd-el-Kader has become more powerful than ever."—*Examiner*, Dec. 13.

ALGIERS.—The latest accounts do not vary from those previously received. Marshal Begeaud pursues his course. His army is sufficient to crush resistance wherever it appears, and effectual mea-

sures are taken by depriving the Arabs of their horses and arms, and, in some cases, by exterminating the male population, to prevent all further revolt. The French papers contain an account of the examination of the gallant chief Mohammed Ben Abdallah, the brother of the celebrated Ben Maza. Taken captive and tried by a court-martial, he has been sentenced to death under pretence that he instigated the revolt of the Beni Zougzougs. The sentence has been deferred that the French may obtain from him whatever information he possesses. His examination has been long, but the following is the most interesting portion of his replies to the questions addressed to him:—

He denied that the Arabs called him Bou Maza, which was the surname given by them to his brother, because they saw him frequently followed by a gazelle, which was sent by God to wait upon him. There were no other Bou Mazas than his brother, and he never had heard mention of any others assuming that name. On being asked his age, he said he knew it not, for Arabs were contented to live till they died, without counting their years. He had been seven years in Algeria, having been sent by his lord, Moulaye Phayeul, to visit the Zaouias, the holy marabouts, and perform pious works. His brother came into Algeria at the same time, had married into the tribe of the Ouled Yonnes, where he acquired a great repute for his holiness; the tribes of the Dahra came to him and placed him at their head, to carry on the holy war. He gave a long list of the various tribes who had sent deputations in support of his brother. When asked what reproach the Arabs had to make against the French, whether they could accuse them of theft, exactions, or crimes of any kind, he replied, "Nothing of all that. The Arabs detest you because you have not the same religion as themselves and are foreigners, because you come to-day to take their country, and to-morrow you may ask for their wives and children. They said to my brother, 'Place yourself at our head, and let us recommence the war; every day that passes strengthens the Christians; let us put an end to this at once.'" In reply to the questions—How can the Arabs hope to conquer, having at their head men who have neither army, nor cannon, nor money! Did not the Arabs laugh at your brother for assuming the title of Sultan; and what will he say when he learns that you are in our power? he replied, "Victory comes from God; when he pleases the weak triumph and the strong fall. The Arabs do not laugh at my brother; on the contrary, they love him for his courage and his generosity. He does not, like Abd-el-Kader, think of building forts to bury his treasure; he has formed a better notion of the kind of war to be carried on against you. He possesses only one tent and three good horses. To-day he is here, to-morrow he is twenty leagues off. If his tent is at one time full of booty, it is very soon empty again, for he gives away everything. You ask what my brother will say, when he learns that I am in your power. What should he say? His heart will bleed at the loss of his brother, and then he will resign himself to the will of God. As to myself, I know that death is a tax laid upon our heads by the Master of the world; he calls for payment when he pleases, and we must all pay, but we can pay only once."

When questioned as to the relations between Abd-el-Kader and the Sultan of Morocco, he answered that they were at enmity, as the Emir

* "They make a solitude, and call it peace."

persisted in carrying on the war against the will of the sultan. When Abd-el-Kader was commanded to quit the sultan's territories, he always answered, "I am not in your hands, and I fear neither you nor the French; if you come after me, I will give you your fill of gunpowder; and if the French pursue me, I will do the same with them." The captive, at the conclusion of a long examination, declined to answer further, alleging that he was wearied and confused. We do not hear what means are employed to extort from the captive the answers he gives.—*Britannia*, Dec. 27.

NOMENCLATURE OF THE PRUSSIAN JEWS.—A Berlin letter of the 27th ultimo, states that by a royal ordinance, lately published, the decree of Napoleon, which obliged all Jews not having an hereditary family name to adopt one, and which decree is still in force in the Rhenish provinces, where the French laws have been preserved, is now extended to all the rest of the kingdom of Prussia. A delay of six months is given to those Jews who have not a family name to choose one, and which is to be submitted to the minister of the interior for his approval.—*Examiner*, Dec. 13.

THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. DENIS.—The monument erected to the memory of Louis XVIII., in the vaults of the Cathedral of St. Denis, is about being completed, and, when finished, that of Charles X., his successor, will be proceeded with. When this is done, all the French kings and princes up to 1830, will be there represented, either by a tomb, a monument, or a statue.

A MONOMANIAC.—There lives at Berlin an old woman who absurdly believes she will live to see the day when Prussia will receive the constitution it has been promised so often.—*Punch*.

HEKI, THE NEW ZEALAND CHIEF.—It appears that Heki is not inferior to his position, and that he is a man really remarkable, considering the degree of civilization to which he has attained. He was formerly converted and baptized by a Methodist, which does not prevent him from treating the Protestant missionaries with great contempt. He has distinct ideas of natural law, and he does not, therefore, contest the right of the English to cultivate the land which they really purchased from the natives, but he will not recognize the sovereignty, and denies their right to hoist their flag. He will not acknowledge the treaty of session formerly concluded between some chiefs and the British governor, because he asserts that it was extorted by fear or by corruption from persons who were absolutely ignorant of the bearing of their acts. Heki, it is said, practises the precepts of Christianity as taught him. What is the most curious is the use which he makes against the English of the Bible which they taught him. He combats them with their own weapons. He uses the Scriptures as a two-edged sword, and when they argue with him, he replies with scriptural texts. He often repeats that the English are like Pharaoh and the Egyptians, and that the Zealanders are the oppressed Israelites.—*Débats*, [furnished probably by the French Jesuit Mission.]

IBRAHIM PACHA embarked on the 26th ult., at Genoa, on board the *Nile*, Egyptian frigate, and entered the port of Toulon on the next morning. The prince was received with all the honors due to his rank, and saluted by the men-of-war and the forts. On landing he was met by the authorities of the port, and conducted through a double line of infantry to the residence of the maritime pre-

fect. Ibrahim Pacha remained two days in Toulon. He inspected the arsenal, reviewed the troops, visited the theatre, and received a splendid entertainment from the prefect. He then proceeded on his journey to Marseilles, where he arrived about twelve o'clock on the 30th, and alighted at the house of Messrs. Pastré, agents to Mehemet Ali. Apartments had been prepared in their house for his reception. The *élite* of the society in Marseilles had planned a series of *fêtes* to welcome him with becoming splendor. It was expected that Reschid Pacha, prime minister of the Porte, would have met the son of Mehemet Ali at Marseilles; but his visit was delayed until the 1st inst., and it was doubtful whether Ibrahim Pacha would stay over that day. The Egyptian prince appeared in tolerably good health. He is short in stature and thickset; his complexion is clear and rather florid, with hair and beard perfectly white. His costume is of the richest order of Oriental magnificence: he is literally covered with gold; and on his breast he wears a kind of plate thickly studded with diamonds. On his head he wears a splendid fez. There are in his suite four personages of distinction, nearly as richly costumed as himself. It was reported that the Marquis of Lavalette had been instructed by the king to invite Ibrahim to Paris; but it was expected that the prince would spend the winter at Vernet-Bains.

PATENT ECONOMIC FIRING.—An ingenious invention has just been brought out for superseding the use of wood in the lighting of fires, or for producing a brisk temporary blaze. The economic firing is in blocks about an inch thick and four inches square. Each block has a small hole in the centre, so that it may readily be divided into halves or quarters. It is made, we are told, of a composition of coal-dust, resin, and turpentine firmly pressed together, and sprinkled over with sawdust, so that it has the appearance of a clean block of wood, and is equally inoffensive to touch and smell. For use, one of these blocks or half a one should be placed in the grate and covered with cinders or coal. A match, or a slip of paper, ignites it in an instant, and it then burns with the clear brilliancy of a log of pine, but with this difference, that it lasts much longer, and thus thoroughly sets fire to the whole materials with which it is surrounded. In a few minutes a bright and cheerful fire is made, with much less expense than by using the common bundles of wood, with much more certainty of thorough ignition, and without the danger and annoyance of sparks flying out over the room. One block is sufficient to boil a kettle, or perform any office of cookery for which a bright blaze is required. When the flame subsides, a glowing red mass is still left. In summer this fuel will save many a small family the expense and trouble of keeping a fire in through the day. It is eminently calculated for all purposes of steam navigation, as, by its use, steam may be got up with great rapidity and at a very insignificant cost. The cheapness of the materials of which it is made enables the proprietor to offer it at an extremely low rate. Speedy in its operation, certain in its effect, and perfectly clean in its use, it leaves nothing to be desired for the purpose it is intended to fulfil. It will, doubtless, come as universally into use as lucifer matches, or any other of those household inventions, which, though apparently trivial, contribute much to the comfort and cleanliness of domestic economy.—*Britannia*.